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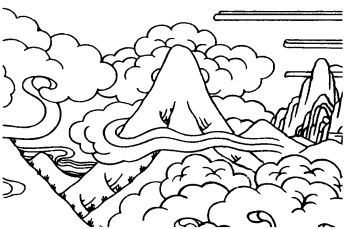
THE BIRTH OF KUMĀRA

BY KĀLIDĀSA

TRANSLATED BY
DAVID SMITH



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SANSKRIT ALPHABETICAL ORDER

Vowels:	*a ā i ī u ū ṛ ṝ ḷ ḹ e ai o au ṃ ḥ*
Gutturals:	*k kh g gh ṅ*
Palatals:	*c ch j jh ñ*
Retroflex:	*ṭ ṭh ḍ ḍh ṇ*
Labials:	*p ph b bh m*
Semivowels:	*y r l v*
Spirants:	*ś ṣ s h*

GUIDE TO SANSKRIT PRONUNCIATION

a	b*u*t
ā, â	r*a*ther
i	s*i*t
ī, î	f*ee*
u	p*u*t
ū, û	b*oo*
ṛ	vocalic *r*, American p*ur*dy or English pr*e*tty
ṝ	lengthened *ṛ*
ḷ	vocalic *l*, ab*le*
e, ê, ē	m*a*de, esp. in Welsh pronunciation
ai	b*i*te
o, ô, ō	r*o*pe, esp. Welsh pronunciation; Italian s*o*lo
au	s*ou*nd
ṃ	*anusvāra* nasalizes the preceding vowel
ḥ	*visarga*, a voiceless aspiration (resembling English *h*), or like Scottish lo*ch*, or an aspiration with a faint echoing of the preceding vowel so that *taiḥ* is pronounced *taih*^{i}
k	lu*ck*
kh	blo*ckh*ead
g	*g*o
gh	big*h*ead
ṅ	a*n*ger
c	*ch*ill
ch	mat*chh*ead
j	*j*og
jh	aspirated *j*, he*dgeh*og
ñ	ca*ny*on
ṭ	retroflex *t*, *t*ry (with the tip of tongue turned up to touch the hard palate)
ṭh	same as the preceding but aspirated
ḍ	retroflex *d* (with the tip of tongue turned up to touch the hard palate)
ḍh	same as the preceding but aspirated
ṇ	retroflex *n* (with the tip of tongue turned up to touch the hard palate)
t	French *t*out
th	ten*t h*ook

d	*d*inner	*r*	trilled, resembling the Italian pronunciation of *r*
dh	guil*dh*all	*l*	*l*inger
n	*n*ow	*v*	*w*ord
p	*p*ill	*ś*	*sh*ore
ph	u*ph*eaval	*ṣ*	retroflex *sh* (with the tip of the tongue turned up to touch the hard palate)
b	*b*efore		
bh	a*bh*horrent		
m	*m*ind	*s*	hi*ss*
y	*y*es	*h*	*h*ood

CSL PUNCTUATION OF ENGLISH

The acute accent on Sanskrit words when they occur outside of the Sanskrit text itself, marks stress, e.g. Ramáyana. It is not part of traditional Sanskrit orthography, transliteration or transcription, but we supply it here to guide readers in the pronunciation of these unfamiliar words. Since no Sanskrit word is accented on the last syllable it is not necessary to accent disyllables, e.g. Rama.

The second CSL innovation designed to assist the reader in the pronunciation of lengthy unfamiliar words is to insert an unobtrusive middle dot between semantic word breaks in compound names (provided the word break does not fall on a vowel resulting from the fusion of two vowels), e.g. Maha·bhárata, but Ramáyana (not Rama·áyana). Our dot echoes the punctuating middle dot (·) found in the oldest surviving samples of written Sanskrit, the Ashokan inscriptions of the third century BCE.

The deep layering of Sanskrit narrative has also dictated that we use quotation marks only to announce the beginning and end of every direct speech, and not at the beginning of every paragraph.

CSL PUNCTUATION OF SANSKRIT

The Sanskrit text is also punctuated, in accordance with the punctuation of the English translation. In mid-verse, the punctuation will not alter the *sandhi* or the scansion. Proper names are capitalized, as are the initial words of verses (or paragraphs in prose texts). Most Sanskrit

metres have four "feet" *(pāda):* where possible we print the common *śloka* metre on two lines. The capitalization of verse beginnings makes it easy for the reader to recognize longer metres where it is necessary to print the four metrical feet over four or eight lines. In the Sanskrit text, we use French *Guillemets* (e.g. *«kva saṃcicīrṣuḥ?»*) instead of English quotation marks (e.g. "Where are you off to?") to avoid confusion with the apostrophes used for vowel elision in *sandhi*.

Sanskrit presents the learner with a challenge: *sandhi* ("euphonic combination"). *Sandhi* means that when two words are joined in connected speech or writing (which in Sanskrit reflects speech), the last letter (or even letters) of the first word often changes; compare the way we pronounce "the" in "the beginning" and "the end."

In Sanskrit the first letter of the second word may also change; and if both the last letter of the first word and the first letter of the second are vowels, they may fuse. This has a parallel in English: a nasal consonant is inserted between two vowels that would otherwise coalesce: "a pear" and "an apple." Sanskrit vowel fusion may produce ambiguity. The chart at the back of each book gives the full *sandhi* system.

Fortunately it is not necessary to know these changes in order to start reading Sanskrit. For that, what is important is to know the form of the second word without *sandhi* (pre-*sandhi*), so that it can be recognized or looked up in a dictionary. Therefore we are printing Sanskrit with a system of punctuation that will indicate, unambiguously, the original form of the second word, i.e., the form without *sandhi*. Such *sandhi* mostly concerns the fusion of two vowels.

In Sanskrit, vowels may be short or long and are written differently accordingly. We follow the general convention that a vowel with no mark above it is short. Other books mark a long vowel either with a bar called a macron (*ā*) or with a circumflex (*â*). Our system uses the macron, except that for initial vowels in *sandhi* we use a circumflex to indicate that originally the vowel was short, or the shorter of two possibilities (*e* rather than *ai*, *o* rather than *au*).

When we print initial *â*, before *sandhi* that vowel was *a*

î or *ê*,	*i*
û or *ô*,	*u*
âi,	*e*

âu,	*o*
ā,	*ā* (i.e., the same)
ī,	*ī* (i.e., the same)
ū,	*ū* (i.e., the same)
ē,	*ī*
ō,	*ū*
āi,	*ai*
āu,	*au*

', before *sandhi* there was a vowel *a*

FURTHER HELP WITH VOWEL SANDHI

When a final short vowel (*a*, *i* or *u*) has merged into a following vowel, we print ' at the end of the word, and when a final long vowel (*ā*, *ī* or *ū*) has merged into a following vowel we print " at the end of the word. The vast majority of these cases will concern a final *a* or *ā*.

Examples:

What before *sandhi* was *atra asti* is represented as *atr' âsti*

atra āste	*atr' āste*
kanyā asti	*kany" âsti*
kanyā āste	*kany" āste*
atra iti	*atr' êti*
kanyā iti	*kany" êti*
kanyā īpsitā	*kany" ēpsitā*

Finally, three other points concerning the initial letter of the second word:

(1) A word that before *sandhi* begins with *ṛ* (vowel), after *sandhi* begins with *r* followed by a consonant: *yatha" rtu* represents pre-*sandhi yathā ṛtu.*

(2) When before *sandhi* the previous word ends in *t* and the following word begins with *ś*, after *sandhi* the last letter of the previous word is *c* and the following word begins with *ch*: *syāc chāstravit* represents pre-*sandhi syāt śāstravit.*

(3) Where a word begins with *h* and the previous word ends with a double consonant, this is our simplified spelling to show the pre-*sandhi*

form: *tad hasati* is commonly written as *tad dhasati*, but we write *tadd hasati* so that the original initial letter is obvious.

COMPOUNDS

We also punctuate the division of compounds (*samāsa*), simply by inserting a thin vertical line between words. There are words where the decision whether to regard them as compounds is arbitrary. Our principle has been to try to guide readers to the correct dictionary entries.

EXAMPLE

Where the Devanagari script reads:

कुम्भस्थली रक्षतु वो विकीर्णसिन्दूररेणुर्द्विरदाननस्य।
प्रशान्तये विघ्नतमश्छटानां निष्ठ्यूतबालातपपल्लवेव॥

Others would print:

kumbhasthalī rakṣatu vo vikīrṇasindūrareṇur dviradānanasya /
praśāntaye vighnatamaśchaṭānāṃ niṣṭhyūtabālātapapallaveva //

We print:

Kumbha|sthalī rakṣatu vo vikīrṇa|sindūra|reṇur dvirad'|ānanasya
praśāntaye vighna|tamaś|chaṭānāṃ niṣṭhyūta|bāl'|ātapa|pallav" êva.

And in English:

"May Ganésha's domed forehead protect you! Streaked with vermilion dust, it seems to be emitting the spreading rays of the rising sun to pacify the teeming darkness of obstructions."

"Nava·sáhasanka and the Serpent Princess" I.3

INTRODUCTION

KALI·DASA IS THE GREATEST POET in classical Sanskrit, but his authorship of his extant works is all that is known for certain about him. He wrote two court epics *(mahā|kāvya)*, one of which is "The Birth of Kumára" *(Kumāra|saṃbhava)*, one shorter poem, "The Cloud Messenger" *(Megha|dūta)*, and three plays. He is generally thought to have lived in the fifth century CE, though some Indian scholars claim an earlier date for him. His play "Shakúntala" is his best known work, and his "The Lineage of Raghu" *(Raghu|vaṃśa)*, has always been in India the more popular of his two court epics.

However, for the modern reader interested in Hinduism there can no doubt that "The Birth of Kumára" is Kali·dasa's supreme achievement. Shiva and Párvati, parents of the universe, are brought magnificently alive in a brilliant narrative tinged with subtle humor. In scene after scene Kali·dasa shows his dramatist's skill and often the eye of a skilful cameraman, focussing on a gesture or an expression. There is no need to summarize the poem here. The poet himself is the storyteller. The following remarks are best read after the reader has made an initial perusal of the poem.

In this court epic Kali·dasa describes events preceding the birth of Kumára, who will defeat the demon Táraka. Táraka has driven out Indra and the minor gods from heaven, and Kali·dasa shows us them distraught, and seeking the aid of the creator god Brahma. Like an elder statesman washing his hands of a problem, Brahma tells them that he just creates and it's their job to protect. Kali·dasa humanizes the world of the gods, and makes the gods and goddesses richly and convincingly human.

The culmination of Káli·dasa's poem is the wedding night and honeymoon bliss of Shiva and Párvati, parents of the universe. Here the sexuality which is the lifeblood of Sanskrit poetry finds its apotheosis. What can seem elsewhere to be the louche eroticism of court society here finds its religious and metaphysical justification. The lovemaking of the divine couple irradiates the Hindu universe as well as the world of poetry.

In later centuries Hindu temples are provided with a bedroom for the god and his consort goddess to retire to for the night. Only the ascetic and the elderly can escape from sexuality. Here, Brahma tells the gods that only a son of Shiva and Párvati can defeat the demon. But Shiva is a yogi, restraining his senses and meditating. How can he sire a son? The very human problem of reproduction is put squarely on the divine level: only sexual reproduction can save the world from the demon who has conquered it.

Párvati, the beautiful daughter of the Himálaya mountain, exemplifies the stock theme of classical Sanskrit poetry (*kāvya*), female beauty; but Kali·dasa then brilliantly reverses the usual schema by having her practice extreme asceticism in order to win Shiva's love.

The first half of the poem ends with Kama's wife's lament for her dead husband; he has been reduced to ashes by Shiva's third eye after failing to fire his Cupid's arrow at the ascetic deity. This intense emotion of grief, the pure aesthetic emotion *(rasa)* aimed at by *kāvya*, is paralleled by the erotic *rasa* at the end of the second half of the poem, Shiva and Párvati's lovemaking. Both these cantos have a special metre,

canto 4 *viyoginī*, canto 8 *rathoddhata*, expressive of the special situation described. *Viyoginī*, short lines with an extra syllable in the second line, expresses the juddering harshness of extreme grief, and *rathoddhata*—the name refers to the bumping up and down of a carriage—implies the rhythm of copulation.

Typical instances of Kali·dasa's humanistic genius, are the way Indra, affable monarch, talks Kama, seasoned courtier that he is, into risking his life, indeed losing his life, in the cause of the gods; and the way that Párvati especially regrets not only that her first attempt to win over Shiva should have failed, but have failed while her friends were watching. Throughout the poem, the divine characters are not mocked but brought vividly to life by adding psychological truth to their anthropomorphic forms.

The divine characters are separated from the human level, despite the realism of their portraiture, by a whole stratum of semi-divine creatures, familiar in classical Sanskrit poetry *(kāvya)*, but used with special appositeness here by Kali·dasa. He begins the poem with a portrait of the Himálaya mountain, who has both his mountain form and its human personification; and bridges the gap between the snow mountain and his lovely daughter by describing the activities on the mountain of "nearly-humans" *(kiṃ/puruṣa)*, wild mountaineers, "perfected spiritual masters" who form a kind of subspecies *(siddha)*, "horse-faces" *(aśva/mukha)*, "celestial magicians" *(vidyā/dhara)*, "celestial musicians" *(gandharva)*. Together these form a veritable *corps de ballet* who fill in the gaps when the main characters are not on stage, creatures

devoted to the arts but on the edge of society, an interim creation *kāvya* itself has fashioned, the inchoate superstitions of the populace given form and a role in the artwork.

Text and Translation

Two contentious issues attend the poem. Kali·dasa's text comprises only the first eight cantos *(sargas)*. A further nine cantos take the story on to the birth of Kumára which gives the poem its title, and his subsequent defeat of the demon Táraka. Some Indian critics hold either that Kali·dasa wrote all 17 cantos, or that he wrote only the first seven, and did not write the eighth, which describes Shiva and Parvati's lovemaking. One of the greatest Sanskrit poeticians, Ánánda·várdhana, writing some four hundred years after Kali·dasa, holds that the eighth canto is reprehensible. But none of this need concern the modern reader, especially the reader who reads in the context of the western literary tradition. The eight cantos of Kali·dasa's *Kumára·sambhava* are manifestly a supreme achievement of poetic art, worthy to stand beside any other artwork.

The Sanskrit text given here is based on the Sanskrit text transmitted to Vallabha·deva (early tenth century), who is perhaps the earliest surviving commentator on "The Birth of Kumára" and even, conceivably, the earliest surviving commentator on any *kāvya*.[1] I give Kali·dasa's text as published by M. S. Narayana Murti. Sometimes I follow instead the text of Gautam Patel, often as it happens where that text coincides with Malli·natha's text; and occasionally I reject both and adopt the reading of Malli·natha. In three instances I follow other editions.

My translation seeks to be as close as possible to the Sanskrit, to be entirely comprehensible, and to bear some relation in its own right to poetry, that is to say: to make it plain to the reader that it is a translation of poetry, to be read slowly and with care; to make it plain that the text is one to be savored. Short lines are used to make the syntax clearer. Epithets in Kali·dasa are not empty of meaning, and I have tried to give them their proper place in the poem.

The translation is meant to be self-expanatory. I am preparing a critical edition with full annotation of the poem, but here the aim is that the poetry should speak for itself.

NOTES

1 Dominic Goodall and Harunaga Isaacson, *The Raghupañcikā of Vallabhadeva,* Critical Edition with Introduction and Notes, Vol 1, Groningen: Egbert Forsten, 2003, pp.xvf. The editors of the *Raghu/pañjikā* note that in respect of Vállabha·deva's commentary on the *Raghu/vaṃśa* "many may observe that a number—perhaps the majority—of the readings supported by Vállabha·deva appear less satisfactory than those familiar to us from the commentary of Malli·natha" p.xxxi. They go on to make the highly important point that "the commentarial and scribal tradition has been. . . for centuries. . . removing real or perceived inconsistencies, supplanting what was grammatically suspect, and polishing away perceived errors of taste." Next they go on to remark, "When we find preserved in the earliest extant commentary readings which might have been considered flawed, we should rejoice that we may be unearthing fresh fragments of Kali·dasa's creation" xxxiii–iv. Their remarks may also be applied to Vállabha·deva's *Kumāra/saṃbhava/ṭīkā*; and their valuable discussion of the various manuscripts and manuscript traditions of that commentary should also be read by the reader of this Sanskrit text. In addition, it should also be noted that Vállabha·deva on sarga 8 verse

46 of the *Kumāra/saṃbhava* in PATEL's edition cites *Śiśupāla/vadha* 1.47, a text on which he also wrote a commentary, and this makes it morely likely that this last part of the commentary is also authentic, or at least contains authentic elements.

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CANTO 1
THE GODDESS REBORN

Asty uttarasyāṃ diśi devat"|ātmā
Him'|ālayo nāma nag'|âdhirājaḥ
pūrv'|âparau vāri|nidhī vigāhya
sthitaḥ pṛthivyā iva māna|daṇḍaḥ.

Yaṃ sarva|śailāḥ parikalpya vatsaṃ
Merau sthite dogdhari doha|dakṣe
bhāsvanti ratnāni mah"|āuṣadhīś ca
Pṛth'|ûpadiṣṭāṃ duduhur dharitrīm.

Ananta|ratna|prabhavasya yasya
himaṃ na saubhāgya|vilopi jātam
eko hi doṣo guṇa|sannipāte
nimajjat' îndoḥ kiraṇeṣv iv' âṅkaḥ.

THERE IS IN THE NORTH
the king of mountains,
divine in nature, Himálaya by name,
the abode of snow.
Reaching down
to both the eastern
and the western oceans,
he stands
like a rod to measure the earth.

When Prithu told the earth
to become a cow
and Meru, skilled in milking,
became the milker,
it was Himálaya
the gods chose to be the calf
to make the earth's udders flow,
and they milked from her
shining jewels for him
and great medicinal herbs.

He is the source
of endless precious stones,
and the snow has never
become a hindrance
to his well-endowed beauty,
for one fault in a surplus of merits
is lost from view,
like the moon's spot
amid its moonbeams.

Yaś c' âpsaro|vibhrama|maṇḍanānāṃ
saṃpādayitrīṃ śikharair bibharti
balāhaka|ccheda|vibhakta|rāgām
akāla|saṃdhyām iva dhātumattām.

1.5 Ā|mekhalaṃ saṃcaratāṃ ghanānāṃ
chāyām adhaḥ|sānu|gatāṃ niṣevya
udvejitā vṛṣṭibhir āśrayante
śṛṅgāṇi yasy' ātapavanti siddhāḥ.

Padaṃ tuṣāra|sruti|dhauta|raktaṃ
yasminn a|dṛṣṭv" âpi hata|dvipānām
vidanti mārgaṃ nakha|randhra|muktair
muktā|phalaiḥ kesariṇāṃ kirātāḥ.

Nyast'|âkṣarā dhātu|rasena yatra
bhūrja|tvacaḥ kuñjara|bindu|śoṇāḥ
vrajanti vidyā|dhara|sundarīṇām
anaṅga|lekha|kriyay' ôpayogam.

Yaḥ pūrayan kīcaka|randhra|bhāgān
darī|mukh'|ôtthena samīraṇena
udgāsyatām icchati kiṃnarāṇāṃ
sthāna|pradāyitvam iv' ôpagantum.

And the red mineral ore
he bears on his peaks,
reflected red in wisps of clouds,
looks like twilight
and confuses the heavenly nymphs,
making them put on their ornaments
at the wrong time.

On his foothills 1.5
the *siddha*s, perfected beings,
enjoy the shade from the clouds
moving around his waist;
and when disturbed by showers,
they go up to his sunny peaks above.

Though they don't see the bloody footprints
washed away by Himálaya's melting snow,
mountain tribesmen track lions
that have killed elephants
by the elephants' pearls
dropped from between the lions' claws.

On Himálaya the birch bark serves
for the love letters of *vidya·dhara* beauties,
words written with liquid ore,
red like spots on an old elephant's hide.

He fills the hollow bamboos
with the breath that comes
from the mouths of his caves,
as if to give the key
for *kim·nara*s beginning their song.

Kapola|kaṇḍūḥ karibhir vinetuṃ
vighaṭṭitānāṃ sarala|drumāṇām
yatra sruta|kṣīratayā prasūtaḥ
sānūni gandhaḥ surabhī|karoti.

1.10 Vane|carāṇāṃ vanitā|sakhānāṃ
darī|gṛh'|ôtsaṅga|niṣakta|bhāsaḥ
bhavanti yatr' âuṣadhayo rajanyām
a|taila|pūrāḥ surata|pradīpāḥ.

Udvejayaty aṅguli|pārṣṇi|bhāgān
mārge śilī|bhūta|hime 'pi yatra
na dur|vaha|śroṇi|payodhar'|ārtā
bhindanti mandāṃ gatim aśva|mukhyaḥ.

Divā|karād rakṣati yo guhāsu
līnaṃ divā bhītam iv' ândhakāram
kṣudre 'pi nūnaṃ śaraṇaṃ prapanne
mamatvam uccaiḥ|śirasāṃ sat' îva.

There the elephants ease their itching cheeks
by rubbing against the Deodar pines,
and thanks to the milky sap
they make flow
the wind perfumes the peaks
with the fragrance of the trees.

For their lovemaking there 1.10
the forest-dwellers with their women
have at night luminescent herbs
as lamps that don't need filling with oil,
glowing on the walls of their cave-homes.

Though the path of frozen snow
here pains their toes and heels,
the horse-faced *kim·nara* women,
weighed down
by their heavy hips and breasts,
do not break their slow pace.

He protects from the sun
the darkness that hides by day,
seemingly afraid, in his caves.
Those who carry their heads high
treat as their own
even a low person
who takes refuge with them,
as though he were an excellent man.

Lāṅgūla|vikṣepa|visarpi|śobhair
itas|tataś candra|marīci|śubhraiḥ
yasy' ârtha|yuktaṃ giri|rāja|śabdaṃ
kurvanti vāla|vyajanaiś camaryaḥ.

Yatr' âṃśuk'|ākṣepa|vilajjitānāṃ
yad|ṛcchayā kiṃpuruṣ'|âṅganānām
darī|gṛha|dvāra|vilambi|bimbās
tiras|kariṇyo jaladā bhavanti.

1.15 Bhāgīrathī|nirjhara|śīkarāṇāṃ
voḍhā muhuḥ kampita|deva|dāruḥ
yad|vāyur anviṣṭa|mṛgaiḥ kirātair
āsevyate bhinna|śikhaṇḍi|barhaḥ.

Sapta'|ṛṣi|hast'|âvacit'|âvaśeṣāṇy
adho vivasvān parivartamānaḥ
padmāni yasy' âgra|saro|ruhāṇi
prabodhayaty ūrdhva|mukhair mayūkhaiḥ.

With the fly-whisks
that are their tails waving to and fro,
spreading their luster
white as moonbeams,
the female yaks prove good
his title to be king of mountains.

Luckily for *kim·púrusha* women embarrassed
when stripped of their clothes,
the clouds billowing
over the entrances
to their cave houses
act as curtains.

The wind from Himálaya, 1.15
carrying water drops from Ganga's cascades
and often stirring the deodar trees,
is enjoyed by the mountain tribesmen
hunting deer,
ruffling the peacock feathers they wear.

The Seven Sages pick lotuses
that grow in the pools on his peaks;
the sun orbiting below
awakens those which remain
with his upward-directed rays.

Yajñ'|âṅga|yonitvam avekṣya yasya
sāraṃ dharitrī|dharaṇa|kṣamaṃ ca
Prajā|patiḥ kalpita|yajña|bhāgaṃ
śail'|âdhipatyaṃ svayam anvatiṣṭhat.

Sa mānasīṃ Meru|sakhaḥ pitṝṇāṃ
kanyāṃ kulasya sthitaye sthiti|jñaḥ
Menāṃ munīnām api mānanīyām
ātm'|ânurūpāṃ vidhin" ôpayeme.

Kāla|krameṇ' âtha tayoḥ pravṛtte
sva|rūpa|yogye surata|prasaṅge
manoramaṃ yauvanam udvahantyā
garbho 'bhavad bhū|dhara|rāja|patnyāḥ.

1.20 Asūta sā nāga|vadh"|ûpabhogyaṃ
Mainākam ambho|nidhi|baddha|sakhyam
kruddhe 'pi pakṣa|cchidi Vṛtra|śatrāv
a|vedanā|jñaṃ kuliśa|kṣatānām.

Seeing him as source of materials
for the sacrifice
and strong enough
to support the sustaining earth,
the Creator himself invested him
with lordship over mountains
and a share in sacrifices.

He was a friend of Meru
and married with due rites
Mena, mind-born daughter of the *pitris*,
for the continuation of his family;
she was honored by the sages
and worthy of him who knew
what makes for stability.

In the course of time,
when they had engaged in lovemaking
befitting their beautiful bodies,
the young and lovely wife
of the mountain king
conceived a child.

She gave birth to Mainâka, 1.20
who was enjoyed by the *naga* women
and received the ocean's friendship
—he did not experience
the suffering of mountains
wounded by the thunderbolt
when furious Indra, Vritra's foe,
was cutting off their wings.

Ath' âvamānena pituḥ prayuktā
Dakṣasya kanyā Bhava|pūrva|patnī
Satī satī yoga|visṛṣṭa|dehā
tāṃ janmane śaila|vadhūṃ prapede.

Sā bhū|dharāṇām adhipena tasyāṃ
samādhimatyām udapādi bhavyā
samyak|prayogād a|parikṣatāyāṃ
nītāv iv' ôtsāha|guṇena saṃpat.

Prasanna|dik pāṃsu|vivikta|vātaṃ
śaṅkha|svan'|ânantara|puṣpa|vṛṣṭi
śarīriṇāṃ sthāvara|jaṅgamānāṃ
sukhāya taj|janma|dinaṃ babhūva.

Tayā duhitrā sutarāṃ janitrī
sphurat|prabhā|maṇḍalayā cakāśe
vaiḍūrya|bhūmir nava|megha|śabdād
udbhinnayā ratna|śalākay" êva.

Then pure Sati, Daksha's daughter,
previous wife of Shiva who is Being—
driven by her father's
contempt for her husband
to abandon her body
through yoga—
entered the womb of the mountain's wife.

That auspicious lady was begotten
by the king of mountains on Mena,
who was absorbed in meditation;
just as in policy
effective through proper application
prosperity is produced
by energetic action.

The day of her birth
brought happiness
to all living creatures,
animal and vegetable.
The sky was clear,
the wind free of dust;
a shower of flowers
immediately followed
the sounding of conches.

Giving birth, the mother shone
all the more with that daughter
encircled in shining luster,
like the place where beryl is found,
with a sliver of the precious stone
splitting off at each fresh burst of thunder.

1.25 Dine dine sā parivardhamānā
labdh'|ôdayā cāndramas' îva lekhā
puposa lāvaṇya|mayān viśeṣāñ
jyotsn'|ântarāṇ' îva kal"|ântarāṇi.

Tāṃ Pārvat" îty ābhijanena namnā
bandhu|priyāṃ bandhu|jano juhāva
«u m" êti» mātrā tapaso niṣiddhā
paścād Um"|ākhyāṃ sumukhī jagāma.

mahī|bhṛtaḥ putravato 'pi dṛṣṭis
tasminn apatye na jagāma tṛptim
ananta|puṣpasya madhor hi cūte
dvi|repha|mālā sa|viśeṣa|saṅgā.

Prabhā|mahatyā śikhay" êva dīpas
Tri|mārgay" êva tri|divasya mārgaḥ
saṃskāravaty" êva girā manīṣī
tayā sa pūtaś ca vibhūṣitaś ca.

Growing day by day 1.25
like the digit of the moon
once it has risen, she developed lovely limbs,
like the further phases of the moon
lost in moonlight until they appear.

She was dear to her kinsfolk
and her kinsfolk, using the name
derived from her father's name
called her Párvati, the mountain's daughter.
Later on,
when her mother tried
to stop her asceticism
by saying *"U ma,* Oh no!"
the fair-faced girl
went by the name of Uma.

Though the mountain king had sons,
his eyes
never had enough of that child,
for though spring has endless flowers,
a line of bees
is especially attached
to its mango flowers.

Like a lamp
by its illuminating flame,
like the path of heaven
by three-coursed Ganga,
like a wise man
by his polished speech,
he was purified and adorned by her.

Mandākinī|saikata|vedikābhiḥ sā
kandukaiḥ kṛtrima|putrakaiś ca
reme muhur madhya|gatā sakhīnāṃ
krīḍā|rasaṃ nirviśat" îva bālyam.

1.30 Tāṃ haṃsa|mālāḥ śarad' îva Gaṅgāṃ
mah"|âuṣadhiṃ naktam iv' ātma|bhāsaḥ
sthir'|ôpadeśām upadeśa|kāle
prapedire prāktana|janma|vidyāḥ.

A|saṃbhṛtaṃ maṇḍanam aṅga|yaṣṭer
an|āsav'|ākhyaṃ karaṇaṃ madasya
Kāmasya puṣpa|vyatiriktam astraṃ
bālyāt paraṃ s" âtha vayaḥ prapede.

Unmīlitaṃ tūlikay" êva citraṃ
sūry'|âṃśubhir bhinnam iv' âravindam
babhūva tasyāś catur|asra|śobhi
vapur vibhaktaṃ nava|yauvanena.

Abhy|unnat'|âṅguṣṭha|nakha|prabhābhir
nikṣepaṇād rāgam iv' ôdgirantau
ājahratus tac|caraṇau pṛthivyāṃ
sthal'|âravinda|śriyam a|vyavasthām.

Entering into childhood
as if it were nothing
but zest for play,
she was always playing
amid her friends,
with little altars on
slow-moving Ganga's sands,
with balls and dolls.

When the time came for her education, 1.30
her instruction was sure:
like autumnal lines of geese on Ganga,
like its own luminescence
on the great herb at night,
the learning of previous lives settled on her.

Then she entered the age beyond childhood,
a natural ornament of her slender form,
a cause of intoxication not called wine,
a weapon of Love other than his flowers.

Like a picture brought to life by a brush,
like a lotus opened by the rays of the sun,
her body, symmetrical and beautiful,
was made manifest by fresh youth.

With the prominent luster
from the nails of her big toes
seeming to spout forth redness
as she put them on the ground,
her feet took on the splendid beauty
of land-lotuses
that were not rooted in one place.

Sā rāja|haṃsair iva saṃnat'|âṅgī
gateṣu līl"|âñcita|vikrameṣu
vyanīyata pratyupadeśa|lubdhair
āditsubhir nūpura|siñjitāni.

1.35 Vṛtt'|ânupūrve ca na c' âti|dīrghe
jaṅghe śubhe sṛṣṭavatas tadīye
śeṣ'|âṅga|nirmāṇa|vidhau Vidhātur
lāvaṇya utpādya iv' āsa yatnaḥ.

Nāg'|êndra|hastās tvaci karkaśatvād
ek'|ânta|śaityāt kadalī|viśeṣāḥ
labdhv" âpi loke pariṇāhi rūpaṃ
jātās tad|ūrvor upamāna|bāhyāḥ.

Etāvatā nanv anumeya|śobhaṃ
kāñcī|guṇa|sthānam a|ninditāyāḥ
āropitaṃ yad Giriśena paścād
an|anya|nārī|kamanīyam aṅkam.

Her body curving,
she seemed instructed by royal geese
in walking with gracefully swaying steps
and they, eager for instruction in return,
wished to acquire the jingling of her anklets.

When the Creator had created 1.35
her beautiful legs,
not too long,
round and symmetrical,
it was an effort
to produce sufficient beauty
for fashioning her remaining limbs.

Though their round form
is well known in the world,
great elephants' trunks
through roughness of skin,
the best plantains
through exceeding coldness
rule themselves out
as standards of comparison
for her thighs.

The beauty of the faultless girl's hips,
place of her girdle string,
can be inferred by the fact
that Mountain-dwelling Shiva
subsequently placed them on his lap,
a place no other woman
would dare to desire.

Tasyāḥ praviṣṭā nata|nābhi|randhraṃ
rarāja tanvī nava|roma|rājiḥ
nīvīm atikramya sit'|êtarasya
tan|mekhalā|madhya|maṇer iv' ârciḥ.

Madhyena sā vedi|vilagna|madhyā
vali|trayaṃ cāru babhāra bālā
ārohaṇ'|ârthaṃ nava|yauvanena
Kāmasya sopānam iva prayuktam.

1.40 Anyonyam utpīḍayad utpal'|âkṣyāḥ
stana|dvayaṃ pāṇḍu tathā vivṛddham
madhye yathā śyāma|mukhasya
tasya mṛṇāla|sūtr'|ântaram apy a|labhyam.

Śirīṣa|māl"|âdhika|saukumāryau
bāhū tadīyāv iti me vitarkaḥ
parājiten' âpi kṛtau Harasya
yau kaṇṭha|pāśau Makara|dhvajena.

Entering the deep cavity
of her navel,
the thin line of fresh hair
was resplendent
as it went beyond
the knot of her robe,
like a radiant streak
from the dark jewel
in the middle of her girdle.

The young woman, whose waist
curved in
like an altar's shape,
bore three beautiful folds
at her waist, like a ladder
set by her fresh youthfulness
for Love to climb.

The lotus-eyed girl's pale breasts, 1.40
pressing against each other,
so grew
that between them,
with their black nipples,
there was not room
even for a lotus fiber.

My fancy is that these two arms of hers,
softer than a garland of *shirísha* flowers,
were made into a noose for the neck
of Shiva the Destroyer by Kama,
even though he was to be defeated.

Nirbhartsit'|âśoka|dala|prasūti
pāṇi|dvayaṃ cāru|nakhaṃ tadīyam
nav'|ôdit'|êndu|pratimasya śobhāṃ
vyomnaḥ pradoṣe viphalī|cakāra.

Kaṇṭhasya tasyāḥ stana|bandhurasya
muktā|kalāpasya ca nistalasya
anyonya|śobhā|jananād babhūva
sādhāraṇo bhūṣaṇa|bhūṣya|bhāvaḥ.

Candraṃ gatā padma|guṇān na bhuṅkte
padm'|āśritā cāndramasīm abhikhyām
Umā|mukhaṃ tu pratipadya lolā
dvi|saṃśrayāṃ prītim avāpa Lakṣmīḥ.

Her hands
with their beautiful nails
put budding *ashóka* petals to shame,
and in the evening
they rendered worthless
the beauty of the sky
when the disk of the moon is newly risen.

Her neck curving
into her breasts
and the pearl necklace
encircling it
had in common
being ornament and ornamented,
for they produced
beauty in each other.

When fickle Lakshmi
goes to the moon,
she doesn't enjoy
the qualities of the lotus,
and visiting the lotus
she doesn't enjoy
the charm of the moon,
but on Uma's face
she enjoyed the pleasure
specific to both of them.

1.45 Puṣpaṃ pravāl'|ôpahitaṃ yadi syān
muktā|phalaṃ vā sphuṭa|vidruma|stham
tato 'nukuryād viśadasya tasyās
tāmr'|âuṣṭha|paryasta|rucaḥ smitasya.

Svareṇa tasyām amṛta|srut" êva
prajalpitāyām abhijāta|vāci
apy anya|puṣṭā pratikūla|śabdā
śrotur vi|tantrīr iva vādyamānā.

Pravāta|nīl'|ôtpala|nirviśeṣam
adhīra|viprekṣitam āyat'|âkṣyā
tayā gṛhītaṃ nu mṛg'|âṅganābhyas
tato gṛhītaṃ nu mṛg'|âṅganābhiḥ?

Tasyāḥ śalāk"|âñjana|nirmit" êva
kāntir bhruvor ānata|lekhayor yā
tāṃ vīkṣya līlā|caturām Anaṅgaḥ
sva|cāpa|saundarya|madaṃ mumoca.

If a flower was placed 1.45
on a reddish shoot,
or a pearl was on lustrous coral,
that would be an imitation
of the white smile
radiating from her red lips.

She had a noble voice
and when she started to speak
in an accent that seemed to drip nectar,
even the female cuckoo
was a disagreeable sound to the listener,
like the wrong string being played.

Was the unsteady glance—
no different
from a blue lotus in a breeze—
taken by that wide-eyed girl
from the does,
or from her by the does?

When Bodiless Love saw
the playful and skillful beauty
of the curved lines
that were her eyebrows,
looking as if they'd been drawn
in collyrium with a brush,
he lost his pride
in the beauty of his bow.

Lajjā tiraścāṃ yadi cetasi syād
a|saṃśayaṃ parvata|rāja|putryāḥ
taṃ keśa|pāśaṃ prasamīkṣya kuryur
vāla|priyatvaṃ śithilaṃ camaryaḥ.

1.50 Sarv'|ôpamā|dravya|samuccayena
yathā|pradeśaṃ viniveśitena
sā nirmitā Viśva|sṛjā prayatnād
eka|stha|saundarya|didṛkṣay" êva.

Tāṃ Nāradaḥ kāma|caraḥ kadācit
kanyāṃ kila prekṣya pituḥ samīpe
samādideś' âika|vadhūṃ bhavitrīṃ
premṇā śarīr'|ârdha|harāṃ Harasya.

Were there shame
in the mind of animals,
without a doubt the female yaks,
seeing the knot
of the mountain princess's hair,
would falter in their affection
for their tails.

To fashion her 1.50
the Creator of the universe
exerted himself
by arranging where they belonged
on her body the whole collection
of material objects of comparison,
as if in the desire to see all beauty
in one place.

Once Nárada
who wanders where he wills
saw the daughter beside her father
and declared
she was to be Shiva the Destroyer's
one and only wife,
taking up half his body
with her love.

Guruḥ pragalbhe 'pi vayasy ato 'syās
tasthau nivṛtt'|ânya|var'|âbhilāṣaḥ
ṛte kṛśānor na hi mantra|pūtam
arhanti tejāṃsy aparāṇi havyam.

A|yācitāraṃ na hi Deva|devam
adriḥ sutāṃ grāhayituṃ śaśāka
abhyarthanā|bhaṅga|bhayena sādhur
mādhya|sthyam iṣṭe 'py avalambate 'rthe.

Yad" âiva pūrve janane śarīraṃ
sā Dakṣa|roṣāt svayam utsasarja
tadā prabhṛty eva vimukta|saṅgaḥ
Patiḥ paśūnām a|parigraho 'bhūt.

1.55 Sa kṛtti|vāsās tapase yat'|ātmā
Gaṅgā|prapāt'|ôkṣita|devadāru
prastham Him'|âdrer mṛga|nābhi|gandhi
kiṃcit kvaṇat|kiṃnaram adhyuvāsa.

Hence her venerable father,
though she'd reached maturity,
was averse to any other husband:
no bright things
other than fire
are fit to receive the oblation
made pure by mantras.

Yet the mountain could not marry
the God of gods to his daughter
without him asking for her.
A good man remains neutral
even in respect of wished-for objects
through fear
of his request being denied.

When that woman in her previous life,
angry with Daksha,
of her own accord
abandoned her body,
thereafter Shiva the Lord of Beasts,
giving up attachment,
was without a wife.

He, clad in skins, 1.55
practicing yogic restraint for ascetic power,
dwelt on a Himálayan peak,
where the deodar trees are sprayed
by Ganga's cascades and scented by
musk from deers' navels,
and the *kim·naras* gently play their music.

Gaṇā nameru|prasav'|âvataṃsā
bhūrja|tvacaḥ sparśavatīr vasānāḥ
manaḥ|śilā|vicchuritā niṣeduḥ
śaileya|naddheṣu śilā|taleṣu.

Tuṣāra|saṃghāta|śilāḥ khur'|âgraiḥ
samullikhan darpa|kalaḥ kakudmān
dṛṣṭaḥ katham cid gavayair vivignair
a|soḍha|siṃha|dhvanir unnanāda.

Tatr' âgnim ādhāya samit|samiddhaṃ
svam eva mūrty|antaram Aṣṭa|mūrtiḥ
svayaṃ vidhātā tapasaḥ phalānāṃ
ken' âpi kāmena tapaś cacāra.

An|arghyam arghyeṇa tam Adri|nāthaḥ
svarg'|âukasām arcitam arcayitvā
ārādhanāy' âsya sakhī|sametāṃ
samādideśa prayatāṃ tanū|jām.

1.60 Pratyarthi|bhūtām api tāṃ samādheḥ
śuśrūṣamāṇāṃ Giriśo 'numene
vikāra|hetau sati vikriyante
yeṣāṃ na cetāṃsi ta eva dhīrāḥ.

His *ganas*, crowned with *naméru* flowers,
clad in birch bark pleasant to the touch,
powdered with red arsenic,
repose on rock slabs covered in lichen.

Scraping the icy rocks with his hooves,
haughty in his pride,
anxiously watched by wary gayals,
his humpbacked bull bellowed,
not suffering the sound of lions.

There Eight-formed Shiva maintained a fire—
one of his forms—which he fed with fuel,
and he, disposer of asceticism's fruits,
practiced asceticism
according to some desire of his own.

The lord of mountains honored him
with hospitable offering—
he who was beyond offerings
and was worshipped by the gods—
and instructed his daughter,
herself practicing restraint,
and two of her friends to attend upon him.

Mountain-dwelling Shiva 1.60
was amenable to her serving him,
though she would have been an obstacle
to another's yogic concentration.
They alone are wise
whose minds are not perturbed
by a cause of perturbation.

Avacita|bali|puṣpā vedi|saṃmārga|dakṣā
niyama|vidhi|jalānāṃ barhiṣāṃ c' ôpanetrī
Giriśam upacacāra pratyahaṃ sā su|keśī
niyamita|parikhedā tac|chiraś|candra|pādaiḥ.

Collecting flowers for offerings,
skillful in cleaning the altar,
and bringing him water and grass
for his rituals of restraint,
she whose hair was beautiful
every day waited on
Mountain-dwelling Shiva,
her fatigue curtailed
by moonbeams from his head.

CANTO 2
BRAHMA'S ADVICE TO THE GODS

Tasmin viprakṛtāḥ kāle
Tārakeṇa div'|aukasaḥ
Turā|sāhaṃ purodhāya
dhāma Svāyaṃbhuvaṃ yayuḥ.

Teṣām āvir|abhūd Brahmā
parimlāna|mukha|śriyām
sarasāṃ supta|padmānāṃ
prātar dīdhitimān iva.

Atha Sarvasya Dhātāraṃ te
sarve sarvato|mukham
Vāg|īśaṃ vāgbhir arthyābhiḥ
praṇipaty' ôpatasthire.

«Namas Tri|mūrtaye tubhyaṃ
prāk sṛṣṭeḥ keval'|ātmane
guṇa|traya|vibhāgāya
paścād bhedam upeyuṣe.

At THAT TIME the heaven-dwelling gods,
being oppressed by Táraka,
put Indra, Overpowerer of the mighty,
at their head
and went to the domain
of Self-born Brahma.

The luster of their faces was dimmed
and Brahma appeared before them
like the morning sun over waters
where the lotuses are asleep.

Then they all bowed down
before the Creator of the Universe,
who faces in all directions,
and praised him
who was the Lord of Speech
in speeches full of meaning.

"Hail to you, the Triple-formed,
the self alone prior to creation,
you who divide yourself
into the three strands
of the physical world,
afterward becoming
multiplicity.

2.5 Yad amogham apām antar
uptaṃ bījam A|ja! tvayā
ataś car'|âcaraṃ viśvaṃ
prabhavas tasya gīyase.

Tisṛbhis tvam avasthābhir
mahimānam udīrayan
pralaya|sthiti|sargāṇām
ekaḥ kāraṇatāṃ gataḥ.

Strī|puṃsāv ātma|bhāgau
te bhinna|mūrteḥ sisṛkṣayā
prasūti|bhājaḥ sargasya
tāv eva pitarau smṛtau.

Sva|kāla|parimāṇena
vyasta|rātriṃ|divasya te
yau svapn'|âvabodhau tāv eva
bhūtānāṃ pralay'|ôdayau.

O unborn one, 2.5
because the moving
and unmoving universe
is from the infallible seed
you scattered in the waters,
you are sung of
as its cause.

Impelling forth your greatness
through your three conditions
you alone are the cause of
destruction,
preservation,
and creation.

In your desire to create
you divided your form
and became male and female,
the two divisions of the self—
those two indeed
are said in the Smṛti texts
to be the parents of the creation
that propagates itself.

You divide up night and day
by your measuring of time;
your sleeping and waking
are the destruction
and creation
of living creatures.

Jagad|yonir a|yonis tvaṃ
ananto jagato 'ntakaḥ
jagad|ādir an|ādis tvaṃ
jagad|īśo nir|īśvaraḥ.

2.10 Ātmānam ātmanā vetsi
sṛjasy ātmānam ātmanā
ātmanā kṛtinā ca tvam
ātmany eva pralīyase.

Dravaḥ saṃghāta|kaṭhinaḥ
sthūlaḥ sūkṣmo laghur guruḥ
vyakto vyakt'|êtaraś c' âsi
prākāmyaṃ te vibhūtiṣu.

Udghātaḥ praṇavo yāsāṃ
nyāyais tribhir udīraṇam
karma yajñaḥ phalaṃ svargas
tāsāṃ tvaṃ prabhavo girām.

You who have no origin
are the origin of the world,
you who never end
are the ender of the world,
you who have no beginning
are the beginning of the world,
you who have no lord
are the lord of the world.

You know the self by the self, 2.10
you create the self by the self.
and you are absorbed
in the self alone
by your perfect self.

You are fluid and
solid when compacted;
gross, subtle; light, heavy;
perceptible and the opposite of perceptible;
you appear
in whatever way you will
in your marvelous manifestations.

You are the origin of the holy hymns
that the syllable Om begins,
pronounced with the three accents,
sacrifice their performance,
heaven their fruit.

Tvām āmananti prakṛtiṃ
puruṣ'|ârtha|pravartinīm
tad|darśinam udāsīnaṃ
tvām eva puruṣaṃ viduḥ.

Tvaṃ pitṝṇām api pitā
devānām api devatā
parato 'pi paraś c' âsi
vidhātā vedhasām api.

2.15 Tvam eva havyaṃ hotā ca
bhojyaṃ bhoktā ca śāśvataḥ
vedyaṃ ca veditā cāsi dhyātā
dhyeyaṃ ca yat param.»

Iti tebhyaḥ stutīḥ śrutvā
yath"|ârthā hṛdayaṃ|gamāḥ
prasād'|âbhimukho Vedhāḥ
pratyuvāca div'|âukasaḥ.

Purāṇasya kaves tasya
catur|mukha|samīritā
pravṛttir āsīc chabdānāṃ
carit'|ârthā catuṣṭayī.

They say you are primordial matter
evolving for the sake of spirit,
and they know that you alone
are spirit,
looking on matter
with indifference.

You are the ancestor of the ancestors,
the deity of the gods,
higher than the high,
creator of creators.

You alone, eternally, 2.15
are the oblation
and the maker of the oblation,
what is enjoyed and its enjoyer,
both the known and the knower,
the meditator
and the supreme object of meditation."

Hearing from them truthful praises
which pleased his heart,
the Creator inclined to be gracious
and replied to the heaven-dwelling gods.

Uttered from the four mouths
of this ancient poet,
the flow of words
achieved its aim
four times over.

«Svāgataṃ svān adhī|kārān
prabhāvair avalambya vaḥ
yugapad yuga|bāhubhyaḥ
prāptebhyaḥ prājya|vikramāḥ.

Kim iti dyutim ātmīyāṃ
na bibhrati yathā purā?
hima|kliṣṭa|prasādāni
jyotīṃṣ' îva mukhāni vaḥ.

2.20 Praśamād arciṣām etad
an|udgīrṇa|sur'|āyudham
Vṛtrasya hantuḥ kuliśaṃ
kuṇṭhit'|âśr' îva lakṣyate.

Kiṃ c' âyam ari|durvāraḥ
pāṇau pāśaḥ Pracetasaḥ
mantreṇa hata|vīryasya
phaṇino dainyam āśritaḥ?

Kuberasya manaḥ|śalyaṃ
śaṃsat' îva parābhavam
apaviddha|gado bāhur
bhagna|śākha iva drumaḥ.

"Mighty in valor, welcome to you,
who, maintaining
your respective duties
with valor, long-armed,
have come here all together.

How is it that your faces
do not bear their customary glow?
They're like the stars
when their radiance is dulled by mist.

That thunderbolt 2.20
of Indra the slayer of Vritra
does not give off rainbows
because its rays are dulled
and its edge
looks as if it's been blunted.

And how is it that this noose
in the hand of Váruna the wise,
the noose no foe can withstand,
droops down
like a snake
made impotent by a mantra?

Like a broken-boughed tree,
Kubéra's arm,
mace cast aside,
seems to tell of a defeat
that pierces his heart.

Yamo 'pi vilikhan bhūmiṃ
daṇḍen' âstam|ita|tviṣā
kurute 'sminn amoghe 'pi
nirvāṇ'|âlāta|lāghavam.

Amī ca katham Ādityāḥ
pratāpa|kṣati|śītalāḥ
citra|nyastā iva gatāḥ
prakām'|ālokanīyatām?

2.25 Paryākulatvān marutāṃ
vega|bhaṅgo 'numīyate
ambhasām ogha|saṃrodhaḥ
pratīpa|gamanād iva.

Āvarjita|jaṭā|mauli|
vilambi|śaśi|koṭayaḥ
Rudrāṇām api mūrdhānaḥ
kṣata|huṃkāra|śaṃsinaḥ.

Labdha|pratiṣṭhāḥ prathamaṃ
yūyaṃ kiṃ balavattaraiḥ
apavādair iv' ôtsargāḥ
kṛta|vyāvṛttayaḥ paraiḥ?

Even Yama's rod has lost its luster.
He scratches the earth with it
and values it—
infallible though it used to be—
no more than a burnt-out torch.

And how have those Adítyas,
cold from the destruction
of their fiery might,
become easy
for anybody to look at
as if they've been put in a painting?

From their confusion, 2.25
the wind gods' loss of speed
can be inferred,
just as the obstruction
of its stream
from a current of water
flowing backward.

And the heads of the Rudras show
that their menacing howls
are silenced.
Their crowns of matted locks
lean over,
their crescent moons hang down.

Have you who first obtained high position
been overthrown
by more powerful foes,
as general grammatical rules
are circumvented by exceptions?

tad brūta vatsāḥ kim itaḥ
prārthayadhve samāgatāḥ
mayi sṛṣṭir hi lokānāṃ
rakṣā yuṣmāsv avasthitā.»

Tato mand'|ânil'|ôddhūta|
kamal'|âkara|śobhinā
Guruṃ netra|sahasreṇa
codayām āsa Vāsavaḥ.

2.30 Sa dvi|netraṃ Hareś cakṣuḥ
sahasra|nayan'|âdhikam
Vācaspatir uvāc 'êdaṃ
prāñjalir Jalaj'|āsanam.

«Evaṃ yad āttha bhagavann
āmṛṣṭaṃ naḥ paraiḥ padam
pratyekaṃ viniyukt'|ātmā
kathaṃ na jñāsyati Prabhuḥ?

Bhaval|labdha|var'|ôdīrṇas
Tārak'|ākhyo mah"|âsuraḥ
upaplavāya lokānāṃ
dhūma|ketur iv' ôtthitaḥ.

So tell me, dear boys,
what you've come here
to ask me for.
Creation of the worlds
is invested in me,
protection in you."

Then Indra leader of the beneficent gods
with his thousand eyes shining
like a lotus bed shaken
by a gentle wind
prompted Brihas·pati the Guru.

He, Lord of speech, Indra's eyes— 2.30
his two eyes
seeing more than the thousand eyes—
folding his hands, said this
to Lotus-seated Brahma.

"As you say, O glorious one,
our place has been snatched
from us by our foes.
How could the Lord not know,
when he's in charge
of the self
in every individual!

The great demon called Táraka,
uplifted by the boon
he obtained from you,
has arisen for the destruction
of the worlds, like a comet.

Pure tāvantam ev' âsya
tanoti ravir ātapam
dīrghikā|kamal'|ônmeṣo
yāvan|mātreṇa sādhyate.

Sarvābhiḥ sarvadā candras
taṃ kalābhir niṣevate
n' ādatte kevalāṃ lekhāṃ
Hara|cūḍā|maṇī|kṛtām.

2.35 Vyāvṛtta|gatir udyāna|
kusuma|steya|sādhvasāt
na vāti vāyus tat|pārśve
tāla|vṛnt'|ânil'|âdhikam.

Paryāya|sevām utsṛjya
puṣpa|saṃbhāra|tat|parāḥ
udyāna|pāla|sāmānyam
ṛtavas tam upāsate.

Tasy' ôpāyana|yogyāni
ratnāni saritāṃ patiḥ
katham apy ambhasām
antar ā|niṣpatteḥ pratīkṣate.

In his city, the sun spreads
only enough heat
to suffice to open
the lotuses in his pools.

The moon constantly attends him
with all his phases
save one.
He doesn't take back the crescent
that forms the crest-jewel
of Shiva the Destroyer.

Renouncing movement 2.35
for fear of stealing the flowers
in the demon's pleasure garden,
in his presence
the wind blows no more
than the breeze
from a palm-leaf fan.

Intent on supplying
as many flowers as possible,
the seasons have given up
following the right order,
and serve him like gardeners.

The ocean, lord of rivers,
looks after the development
of precious stones
in his depths,
so that they're fit
for presentation
to the demon.

Jvalan|maṇi|śikhāś c' âinaṃ
Vāsuki|pramukhā niśi
sthira|pradīpatām etya
bhujaṅgāḥ paryupāsate.

Tat|kṛt'|ânugrah'|âpekṣī
pratyahaṃ dūta|hāritaiḥ
anukūlayat' Îndro 'pi
kalpa|druma|vibhūṣaṇaiḥ.

2.40 Ittham ārādhyamāno 'pi
kliśnāti bhuvana|trayam
śāmyet pratyapakāreṇa
n' ôpakāreṇa durjanaḥ.

Ten' âmara|vadhū|hasta|
saday'|ālūna|pallavāḥ
abhijñāś cheda|pātānāṃ
kriyante Nandana|drumāḥ.

Vījyate sa ca saṃsuptaḥ
śvāsa|sādhāraṇ'|ânilaiḥ
cāmaraiḥ sura|bandībhir
bāṣpa|śīkara|varṣibhiḥ.

And the serpents Vásuki leads
wait upon him at night,
providing him
with permanent lamps,
their blazing jewels the flames.

Mindful of the favors
the demon's granted,
even Indra courts him
with ornaments
from the wishing trees,
sending them every day
by envoys.

Though thus propitiated, 2.40
the demon oppresses
the three worlds.
A wicked man
will have to be put down by retaliation,
not by kindness.

He's made the trees
of the Nándana grove—
the heavenly nymphs would
tenderly pluck their shoots—
know what it is
to be cut and felled.

And while the demon sleeps,
the heavenly nymphs he's enslaved
fan him with their chowries,
the breezes like their sighs
moistened with their teardrops.

Utpāṭya Meru|śṛṅgāṇi
kṣuṇṇāni haritāṃ khuraiḥ
ākrīḍa|parvatās tena
kalpitāḥ sveṣu veśmasu.

Mandākinyāḥ payaḥ śeṣaṃ
dig|vāraṇa|mad'|âvilam
hem'|âmbho|ruha|sasyānāṃ
tad|vāpyo dhāma sāṃpratam.

2.45 Bhuvan'|ālokana|prītiḥ
nākibhir n' ânubhūyate
khilī|bhūte vimānānāṃ
tad|āpāta|bhayāt pathi.

Yajvabhiḥ saṃbhṛtaṃ havyaṃ
vitateṣv adhvareṣu saḥ
jāta|vedo|mukhān māyī
miṣatām ācchinatti naḥ.

Uccair Uccaiḥ|śravās tena
haya|ratnam ahāri ca
deha|baddham iv' Êndrasya
cira|kāl'|ârjitaṃ yaśaḥ.

He's torn up Meru's peaks
once pounded by the hooves
of the sun's horses,
and made them
pleasure hills in his palaces.

For the Ganga in the heavens
there remains only water
turbid with the rut
of the elephants of the quarters;
his pleasure lakes are
now the residence
of her harvest of golden lotuses.

The dwellers in heaven 2.45
no longer experience
the pleasure of seeing the world.
Fear of being brought down by him
has emptied the path of their sky-chariots.

When sacrificers offer the oblation
in properly conducted ceremonies,
that magician snatches it
from the fire's mouth
while we look on.

What's more, he's stolen
long-eared Ucchaih·shravas,
jewel of a horse,
who embodies as it were
the fame
Indra's won over long ages.

Tasminn upāyāḥ sarve naḥ
krūre pratihata|kriyāḥ
vīryavanty auṣadhān' îva
vikāre sāṃnipātike.

Jay'|āśā yatra c' âsmākaṃ
pratighāt'|ôtthit'|ârciṣā
Hari|cakreṇa ten' âsya
kaṇṭhe niṣka iv' ârpitaḥ.

2.50 Tadīyās toyadeṣv adya
Puṣkar'|Āvartak'|ādiṣu
abhyasyanti taṭ'|āghātaṃ
nirjit'|Āirāvatā gajāḥ.

Tad icchāmo vibho! sṛṣṭaṃ
senānyaṃ tasya śāntaye
karma|bandha|cchidaṃ dharmaṃ
bhavasy' êva mumukṣavaḥ.

All our expedients
against that cruel demon
are wasted effort,
like powerful herbs
against a total breakdown
of the three humors.

Our hope of victory
rested on Vishnu's discus.
It gave off sparks
as it struck him,
looking like an ornament
placed on his neck.

His elephants defeated 2.50
Airávata, Indra's elephant,
and today do their butting
against the doomsday clouds,
Púshkara, Avártaka and the others.

So we wish, O lord,
to have a general created
to put an end to him,
just as people seeking release
wish for virtuous behavior
that cuts the bonds of karma
to put an end to becoming.

Goptāraṃ sura|senānāṃ
yaṃ puraskṛtya Gotra|bhit
pratyāneṣyati śatrubhyo
bandīm iva jaya|śriyam.»

Vacasy avasite tasmin
sasarja giram Ātma|bhūḥ
garjit'|ânantarāṃ vṛṣṭiṃ
saubhāgyena jigāya sā.

«Saṃpatsyate vaḥ kāmo 'yaṃ
kaścit kālaḥ pratīkṣyatām
na tv asya siddhau yāsyāmi
sarga|vyāpāram ātmanā.

2.55 Itaḥ sa daityaḥ prāpta|śrīr
n' êta ev' ârhati kṣayam
viṣa|vṛkṣo 'pi saṃvardhya
svayaṃ chettum a|sāṃpratam.

Vṛtaṃ ten' êdam eva prāṅ
mayā c' âsmai pratiśrutam
vareṇ' âśamitaṃ lokān
alaṃ dagdhuṃ hi tat|tapaḥ.

Indra the mountain-breaker
will put him at our head
as champion of the armies of the gods
and he will bring back from the foes,
like a stolen woman recaptured,
glorious victory."

Brihas·pati's speech concluded,
Self-born Brahma voiced a discourse
that surpassed in sweetness
the rain that follows thunder.

"Your wish will come to pass,
but it will take some time.
I won't myself undertake
the act of generation
that will bring about its success.

From me 2.55
came that demon's glory.
His downfall
ought not to come from me.
It's not right to cut down
even a poison tree
if one has grown it oneself.

Just this triumph over you
was previously chosen by him
and I granted it to him,
for unallayed by that boon
his ascetic power
would have been powerful enough
to burn up the universe.

Saṃyuge sāṃyugīnaṃ tam
udyantaṃ prasaheta kaḥ
aṃśād ṛte niṣiktasya
Nīla|lohita|retasaḥ?

Sa hi devaḥ paraṃ jyotis
tamaḥ|pāre pratiṣṭhitam
paricchinna|prabhāv'|ârddhir
na mayā na ca Viṣṇunā.

Umā|rūpeṇa te yūyaṃ
saṃyama|stimitaṃ manaḥ
Śambhor yatadhvam ākraṣṭum
ayas|kāntena lohavat.

2.60 Ubhe eva kṣame voḍhum
ubhayor vīryam āhitam
sā vā Śambhos tadīyā vā
mūrtir jala|mayī mama.

Tasy' ātmā Śiti|kaṇṭhasya
saināpatyam upetya vaḥ
mokṣyate sura|bandīnāṃ
veṇīr vīrya|vibhūtibhiḥ.»

Who could withstand him in battle,
advancing ready to fight,
except a portion
of Dark-red Shiva's
ejaculated seed?

For that god is the supreme light
established beyond darkness,
and neither I nor Vishnu
can measure the extent of his power.

Like iron by a magnet,
by means of Uma's beautiful body
you must strive to draw to her
Peaceful Shiva's mind
stilled in yogic contemplation.

Only these two are capable 2.60
of bearing the seed of us two:
either she, Uma, the seed
of Shiva the Peaceful,
or his form as water my seed.

Dark-necked Shiva's son
will become your general
and release the braids
of the captive heavenly nymphs
with glorious display of his valor."

Iti vyāhṛtya vibudhān
Viśva|yonis tiro|dadhe
manasy āhita|kartavyās
te 'pi pratiyayur divam.

Tatra niścitya Kandarpam
agamat Pāka|śāsanaḥ
manasā kārya|saṃsiddhi|
tvarā|dvi|guṇa|raṃhasā.

Atha salalita|yoṣid|bhrū|latā|cāru|śṛṅgaṃ
Rati|valaya|pad'|âṅke cāpam āsajya kaṇṭhe
sahacara|Madhu|hasta|nyasta|cūt'|âṅkur'|âstraḥ
Śata|makham upatasthe prāñjaliḥ Puṣpa|ketus.

Having thus addressed the gods,
the Source of the Universe
disappeared,
and they, going over in their minds
what they had to accomplish,
went back to heaven.

There, Indra, the chastiser of Paka,
decided on the god of love,
Kama the Inflamer,
and went to him in his mind
at the double in his haste
for the success of the mission.

Then he, slinging over his neck
marked by Rati's bracelets
his bow with its ends
beautifully curving
like wanton women's eyebrows,
his arrows of mango buds
entrusted to the hands
of his companion Spring,
Flower-bannered Love
stood before Indra
of a hundred sacrifices,
hands respectfully joined.

CANTO 3
LOVE'S DEATH

Tasmin Maghonas tridaśān vihāya
sahasram akṣṇāṃ yugapat papāta.
prayojan'|âpekṣitayā prabhūṇāṃ
prāyaś calaṃ gauravam āśriteṣu.

Sa Vāsaven' āsana|saṃnikṛṣṭam
«ito niṣīd' êti» nisṛṣṭa|bhūmiḥ
bhartuḥ prasādaṃ pratinandya mūrdhnā
vaktuṃ mithaḥ prākramat' âivam enam.

«Ājñāpaya jñāta|viśeṣa puṃsāṃ
lokeṣu yat te karaṇīyam asti
anugrahaṃ saṃsmaraṇa|pravṛttam
icchāmi saṃvardhitum ājñayā te.

Ken' âbhyasūyā pada|kāṅkṣiṇā te
nitānta|dīrghair janitā tapobhiḥ
yāvad bhavaty āhita|sāyakasya
mat|kārmukasy' âsya nideśa|vartī?

LEAVING THE THIRTY GODS,
the thousand eyes of Indra
the Bountiful fell on him,
all at the same time.
The respect masters pay dependents
generally varies
according to consideration
of their usefulness.

A place made available for him
by Indra, who said,
"Sit here next to my throne,"
he accepted his master's favor
with a bow of his head
and began to speak confidentially
to him, as follows.

"You who know
the various ways of men,
tell me what is to be done for you
in the three worlds.
I wish the favor you've done me
by remembering me
to be increased
by your command.

Who, desiring your place,
has aroused your jealous rage
with especially long asceticism—
until he comes within the range
of this bow of mine,
arrow at the ready?

3.5 A|saṃmataḥ kas tava mukti|mārgaṃ
punar|bhava|kleśa|bhayāt prapannaḥ
baddhaś ciraṃ tiṣṭhatu sundarīṇām
ārecita|bhrū|lalitaiḥ kaṭ'|âkṣaiḥ.

Adhyāpitasy' Ôśanas" âpi nītiṃ
prayukta|rāga|praṇidhir dviṣas te
kasy' ârtha|dharmau vada pīḍayāmi
sindhos taṭāv ogha iva pravṛddhaḥ.

Kām eka|patnī|vrata|duḥkha|śīlāṃ
lolaṃ manaś cārutayā praviṣṭām
vilambinīm icchasi mukta|lajjāṃ
kaṇṭhe svayaṃ|grāha|niṣakta|bāhum.

Who, against your wishes, 3.5
seeks the path of release
through fear of the pains of rebirth?
Let him be long tied up
by lovely women's sidelong glances
charming with their dancing brows.

Say which of your foes, instructed
in politics though he may be,
even by Uśanas, shall I—
using passion as my agent—
thwart in his material
and his spiritual concerns,
as a river in flood
sweeps away both its banks.

Which woman,
making you suffer
by keeping her vow to her husband,
has entered your fickle heart
through her beauty?
Do you want her to fall for you,
lose her sense of shame
and twine her arms around your neck
of her own accord?

Kay" âsi kāmin! sa|ras'|âparādhaḥ
pād'|ānataḥ kopanay" âvadhūtaḥ
tasyāḥ kariṣyāmi dṛḍh'|ânutāpaṃ
pravāla|śayyā|śaraṇaṃ śarīram.

Prasīda viśrāmyatu vīra vajraṃ!
śarair madīyaiḥ katamaḥ sur'|âriḥ
bibhetu moghī|kṛta|bāhu|vīryaḥ
strībhyo 'pi kopa|sphurit'|âdharābhyaḥ.

3.10 Tava prasādāt kusum'|āyudho 'pi
sahāyam ekaṃ Madhum eva labdhvā
kuryāṃ Harasy' âpi Pināka|pāṇer
dhairya|cyutiṃ ke mama dhānvino 'nye?»

Ath' ōru|deśād avatārya pādam
ākrānti|saṃbhāvita|pāda|pīṭham
saṃkalpite 'rthe vivṛt'|ātma|śaktim
Ākhaṇḍalaḥ Kāmam idaṃ babhāṣe.

O lover that you are,
which woman in her anger
has repulsed you
for a fresh offense,
though you fell at her feet?
I'll profoundly torment her body,
your flowery couch will be its only refuge.

Be calm, O hero!
Let your thunderbolt rest!
Whatever foe of the gods there may be,
the strength of his arms
made useless by my arrows,
let him fear women
with their lower lips
quivering in anger.

By your favor, 3.10
though my weapons are flowers,
taking just one friend, Spring,
I will make even Shiva the Destroyer,
Shiva who has the Pináka bow in his hand,
lose his concentration!
What are other bowmen to me?"

Then, lowering his foot
from his thigh to the footstool,
which was honored by its touch,
Indra spoke as follows to Kama,
who'd declared his capability
for the task Indra had in mind:

«Sarvaṃ sakhe tvayy upapannam etad
ubhe mam' âstre kuliśaṃ bhavāṃś ca
vajraṃ tapo|vīrya|mahatsu kuṇṭhaṃ
tvaṃ sarvato|gāmi ca sādhakaṃ ca.

Avaimi te sāram ataḥ khalu tvāṃ
kārye guruṇy ātma|samaṃ niyokṣye
vyādiśyate bhū|dharatām avekṣya
Kṛṣṇena deh'|ôdvahanāya Śeṣaḥ.

Āśaṃsatā bāṇa|gatiṃ Vṛṣ'|âṅke
kāryaṃ tvayā naḥ pratipanna|kalpam
nibodha yajñ'|âṃśa|bhujām idānīm
uccair|dviṣām īpsitam artham atra.

"Friend, all that is possible
for you.
I have two weapons:
my thunderbolt and you.
The thunderbolt is blunted
against those great
in the strength of asceticism.
You are effective everywhere.

I know your strength, hence
I'll employ you in a serious matter,
as my equal.
Shesha was assigned
by Krishna to support his body
after he'd seen him support the earth.

By speaking of your arrow
reaching Bull-bannered Shiva,
you have accepted
the idea of our mission.
Know that here is the aim
of the gods, who ought to be enjoying
their share of the sacrifices
but whose enemies now have
the upper hand.

3.15 Amī hi vīrya|prabhavaṃ Harasya
jayāya senānyam uśanti devāḥ
sa ca tvad|ek'|êṣu|nipāta|sādhyo
brahm'|âṅga|bhūr brahmaṇi yojit'|ātmā.

Tasmai Him'|âdreḥ prayatāṃ tanū|jāṃ
yat'|ātmane rocayituṃ yatasva
yoṣitsu tad|vīrya|niṣeka|bhūmiḥ
s'' âiva kṣam" êty ātma|bhuv" ôpadiṣṭam.

Guror niyogāc ca Nag'|êndra|kanyā
Sthāṇuṃ tapasyantam adhityakāyām
anvāsta ity apsarasāṃ mukhebhyaḥ
śrutaṃ mayā mat|praṇidhiḥ sa vargaḥ.

To achieve victory 3.15
these gods wish for a general
born from the seed
of Shiva the Destroyer,
and he, the repository
of the brahma mantras
and their subdivisions,
his mind concentrated on Brahman,
can be subdued by the flight
of one of your arrows.

Self-controlled though he is,
strive to make the pious daughter
of Himálaya please him.
Self-born Brahma has declared
that among women she alone
is fit to be the ground for
the ejaculation of his semen.

And at her revered father's bidding
the mountain king's daughter
attends Shiva the motionless
as he practices asceticism
on a high ridge,
so have I heard from the mouths
of the heavenly nymphs,
my troop of spies.

Tad gaccha siddhyai kuru deva|kāryam
artho 'yam arthottara! bhavya eva
apekṣate pratyayam aṅga|labdhyai
bīj'|âṅkuraḥ prāg udayād iv' âmbhaḥ.

Asmin surāṇāṃ vijay'|âbhyupāye
tav' âiva nām' âstra|gatiḥ kṛtī tvam
apy a|prasiddhaṃ yaśase hi puṃsām
an|anya|sādhāraṇam eva karma!

3.20 Surāḥ samabhyarthayitāra ete
kāryam trayāṇām api viṣṭapānām
cāpena te karma na c' âti|hiṃsram
aho bat' âsi spṛhaṇīya|vīryaḥ.

Madhuś ca te Manmatha! sāha|caryād
asāv an|ukto 'pi sahāya eva
samīraṇo codayitā bhav' êti
vyādiśyate kena hut'|âśanasya?»

So go forward to success.
Perform what the gods require.
This mission—
which just must come to pass—
needs you as operative cause
in the same way
as the sprouting of a seed
needs water before it can occur.
You, you are essential for the mission!

At him, the means of victory for the gods,
let your missile, and no one else's,
be directed.
You are blessed.
A deed that no one else can perform
gives fame to men,
even if it is inconsiderable!

Wonderful! Your prowess is enviable! 3.20
It is the gods who are your supplicants!
The deed is for the benefit of the three worlds!
The action you have to perform with your bow
is not very cruel.

And Spring, O Kama, Stirrer of the senses!
because of his friendship for you,
will be your companion without being asked.
Who has to tell the wind to fan a fire?"

«Tath" êti» śeṣām iva bhartur ājñām
ādāya mūrdhnā Madanaḥ pratasthe
Airāvaṇ'|āsphālana|karkaśena
hastena pasparśa tad|aṅgam Indraḥ.

Sa Mādhaven' âbhimatena sakhyā
Ratyā ca s'|āśaṅkam anuprayātaḥ
aṅga|vyaya|prārthita|karma|siddhiḥ
Sthāṇv|āśramaṃ haimavataṃ jagāma.

Tasmin vane saṃyamināṃ munīnāṃ
tapaḥ|samādheḥ pratikūla|vartī
Saṃkalpa|yoner abhimāna|bhūtam
ātmānam ādhāya Madhur jajṛmbhe.

3.25 Kubera|juṣṭāṃ diśam uṣṇa|raśmau
gantuṃ pravṛtte samayaṃ vilaṅghya
dig dakṣiṇā gandhavahaṃ mukhena
vyalīka|niḥśvāsam iv' ôtsasarja.

With the words "So be it,"
Kama the intoxicator
received his master's command
like a garland on his head,
and as he set off,
Indra touched his body
with his hand roughened
from striking his elephant Airávana.

Willing the success of his mission
even at the cost of his body,
he set out for Rigid Shiva's
Himalayan hermitage,
accompanied by his dear friend Spring
and Rati, with some anxiety on her part.

In that forest Spring,
taking on his visible form—
in which Mind-born Kama took pride—
spread himself and began to disturb
the concentration penance of the sages
who were restraining themselves there.

When the hot-rayed sun, 3.25
disregarding due order,
began to move to the north,
the region inhabited by Kubéra,
the south exhaled a fragrant wind
like a sigh of grief from its mouth.

Asūta sadyaḥ kusumāny aśokaḥ
skandhāt prabhṛty eva sa|pallavāni
pādena n' âpaikṣata sundarīṇāṃ
saṃparkam āsiñjita|nūpureṇa.

Sakhyuḥ pravāl'|ôdgama|cāru|patre
nīte samāptiṃ nava|cūta|bāṇe
niveśayām āsa Madhur dvirephān
nām'|âkṣarāṇ' îva Mano|bhavasya.

Varṇa|prakarṣe sati karṇikāraṃ
dunoti nirgandhatayā sma cetaḥ.
prāyeṇa sāmagrya|vidhau guṇānāṃ
parāṅ|mukhī Viśvasṛjaḥ pravṛttiḥ.

Bāl'|êndu|vakrāṇy a|vikāsa|bhāvād
babhuḥ palāśāny ati|lohitāni
sadyo Vasantena samāgatānāṃ
nakha|kṣatān' îva vana|sthalīnām.

The *ashóka* tree suddenly put forth
straight from its trunk
flowers and leaves together
and did not wait for contact
with the feet of beautiful women
jingling their anklets.

Spring had an arrow ready for his friend,
a fresh mango bloom with budding leaves
as its fine feathers,
and seemed to inscribe on it
the letters of Love's name
in the form of bees.

The *karni·kara* flower, notwithstanding
its excellence in color,
pained the mind
on account of its lack of scent.
The Creator's procedure
is generally averse
to excellence in every feature.

As the woodlands speedily
united with Spring,
the bright red *palásha* flowers,
curved like the crescent moon—
for they were not quite in bloom—
shone like nail scratches on them.

3.30 Lagna|dvireph'|âñjana|bhakti|citraṃ
mukhe madhu|śrīs tilakaṃ niveśya
rāgeṇa bāl'|âruṇa|komalena
cūta|pravāl'|ōṣṭham alaṃ|cakāra.

Mṛgāḥ priyāla|druma|mañjarīṇāṃ
rajaḥ|kaṇair vighnita|dṛṣṭi|pātāḥ
mad'|ôddhatāḥ pratyanilaṃ vicerur
vana|sthalīr marmara|patra|mokṣāḥ.

Cūt'|âṅkur'|āsvāda|kaṣāya|kaṇṭhaḥ
puṃs|kokilo yan madhuraṃ cukūja
manasvinī|māna|vighāta|dakṣaṃ
tad eva jātaṃ vacanaṃ Smarasya.

Hima|vyapāyād viśad'|âdharāṇāṃ
āpāṇḍurī|bhūta|mukha|cchavīnām
svedo navaḥ kiṃpuruṣ'|âṅganānāṃ
cakre padaṃ patra|viśeṣakeṣu.

Tapasvinaḥ Sthāṇu|van'|âukasas tām
ākālikīṃ vīkṣya Madhu|pravṛttim
prayatna|saṃstambhita|vikriyāṇāṃ
kathaṃcid īśā manasāṃ babhūvuḥ.

The triumphant beauty of spring, 3.30
placing on her face a *tílaka* mark
marked out with the collyrium
that was clinging bees,
adorned her lip that was a mango leaf
with the soft red of the young sun.

Their sight hindered by pollen dust
from the flowers of the *piyal* trees,
emboldened by passion,
the deer ran against the wind
through the woodland
rustling the fallen leaves.

His throat tawny from tasting mango shoots,
the sweet call the male *kokil* made
became indeed the voice of Kama
skilled in breaking proud women's pride.

Because of winter's departure
the *kim·púrusha* women
had bright lips and whitened faces,
and on to the leaf patterns
drawn on their skin
fresh sweat stepped.

When the ascetics living in the forest
of Shiva the Motionless
saw Spring's unseasonal activity,
they had difficulty retaining mastery
of their minds, wherein perturbation
was curbed only with effort.

3.35 Taṃ deśam āropita|puṣpa|cāpe
Rati|dvitīye Madane prapanne
kāṣṭhā|gata|sneha|ras'|ânuviddhaṃ
dvandvāni bhāvaṃ kriyayā vivavruḥ.

Madhu dvi|rephaḥ kusum'|âika|pātre
papau priyāṃ svām anuvartamānaḥ
śṛṅgeṇa ca sparśa|nimīlit'|âkṣīṃ
mṛgīm akaṇḍūyata kṛṣṇa|śāraḥ.

Dadau rasāt paṅka|ja|reṇu|gandhi
gajāya gaṇḍūṣa|jalaṃ kareṇuḥ
ardh'|ôpabhuktena bisena jāyāṃ
saṃbhāvayām āsa rath'|âṅga|nāmā.

Gīt'|ântareṣu śrama|vāri|leśaiḥ
kiṃcit samucchvāsita|patra|lekham
puṣp'|āsav'|āghūrṇita|netra|śobhi
priyā|mukhaṃ kiṃ|puruṣaś cucumbe.

When Love, his flower-bow strung, 3.35
accompanied by Rati,
reached that region,
couples revealed in their activity
their emotional condition:
pervaded by affection in the highest degree.

Keeping close to his beloved,
the bee drank honey
from the same flower cup,
and the black antelope
scratched his doe with his horn,
she closing her eyes at his touch.

The cow elephant lovingly gave
her mate a trunkful of water
fragrant with lotus pollen.
The *chakra·vaka* bird favored his mate
with a half-eaten lotus stem.

Between their songs, the *kim·púrusha*
kissed his beloved's face,
the leaf patterns there
somewhat smudged
by traces of sweat,
but its beauty enhanced
by her rolling eyes
for she'd drunk flower-wine.

Paryāpta|puṣpa|stabaka|stanābhyaḥ
sphurat|pravāl'|ōṣṭha|mano|harābhyaḥ
latā|vadhūbhyas taravo 'py avāpur
vinamra|śākhā|bhuja|bandhanāni.

3.40 Śrut'|âpsaro|gītir api kṣaṇe 'smin
Haraḥ prasaṃkhyāna|paro babhūva
ātm'|ēśvarāṇāṃ na hi jātu vighnāḥ
samādhi|bheda|prabhavo bhavanti.

Latā|gṛha|dvāra|gato 'tha Nandī
vāma|prakoṣṭh'|ârpita|hema|vetraḥ
mukh'|ârpit'|âik'|âṅguli|saṃjñay" âiva
mā cāpalāy' êti gaṇān vyanaiṣīt.

Niṣkampa|vṛkṣaṃ nibhṛta|dvi|rephaṃ
mūk'|âṇḍajaṃ śānta|mṛga|pracāram
tac|chāsanāt kānanam eva sarvaṃ
citr'|ârpit'|ārambham iv' âvatasthe.

From creepers who'd become their wives,
acquiring breasts
in the form of their clusters of flowers,
delightful with lower lips
that were their trembling buds,
even the trees received embraces
with the creepers' branches
as arms hanging down from them.

Though he heard the songs 3.40
of the heavenly nymphs,
at this time Shiva the Destroyer
was deep in his yogic meditation—
it is truly said that for those
who are masters of themselves
no interruption
can break their concentration.

Then Nandin at the door
of the creeper-house
checked the *ganas*;
resting his golden wand of office
on his left arm, he put one finger
to his mouth, signalling
that there should be no disturbance.

At his command all the forest
stood stock still as if movement
were painted in a picture,
the trees motionless,
the bees stilled, the birds silent,
animals' roaming abandoned.

Dṛṣṭi|pradīpaṃ parihṛtya tasya
Kāmaḥ puraḥ|Śukram iva prayāṇe
prānteṣu saṃsakta|nameru|śākhaṃ
dhyān'|āspadaṃ bhūta|pater viveśa.

Sa deva|dāru|druma|vedikāyāṃ
śārdūla|carma|vyavadhānavatyām
āsīnam āsanna|śarīra|pātas
Triy|ambakaṃ saṃyaminaṃ dadarśa.

3.45 Paryaṅka|bandha|sthira|pūrva|kāyam
ṛjv|āyat'|āsaṃnamit'|ôbhay'|âṃsam
uttāna|pāṇi|dvaya|sanniveśāt
praphulla|rājīvam iv'|âṅka|madhye.

Bhujaṅgam'|ônnaddha|jaṭā|kalāpaṃ
kar'|âvasakta|dvi|guṇ'|âkṣa|sūtram
kaṇṭha|prabhā|saṅga|viśeṣa|nīlāṃ
mṛga|tvacaṃ granthimatīṃ dadhānam.

Avoiding the lamp of his eyes
as someone on a journey
avoids facing Shukra,
Kama entered the meditation place
of the Lord of Creatures,
all around which were intertwined
naméru branches.

He whose body was soon to fall
beheld Three-eyed Shiva
practicing yogic restraint
on a cedarwood platform
covered over with a tigerskin.

His lower body firm 3.45
in the sitting sling,
straight and erect,
shoulders slightly bowed,
through holding his hands
palm upward
he seemed to have in his lap
a full-blown blue lotus.

The mass of his matted locks
bound up by a snake,
a doubled string of *rudráksha* beads
hung from his hand,
and he wore a black antelope skin
tied about him
yet darker from contact
with the luster from his neck.

Kiṃcit|prakāśa|stimit'|ôgra|tārair
bhrū|vikriyāyāṃ virata|prasaṅgaiḥ
netrair a|vispandita|pakṣma|mālair
lakṣyī|kṛta|ghrāṇam adho|mayūkhaiḥ.

A|vṛṣṭi|saṃrambham iv' âmbu|vāham
apām iv' ādhāram an|uttaraṅgam
antaś|carāṇāṃ marutāṃ nirodhān
nivāta|niṣkampam iva pradīpam.

Kapāla|netr'|ântara|labdha|mārgair
jyotiḥ|prarohair uditaiḥ śiras|taḥ
mṛṇāla|sūtr'|ādhika|saukumāryāṃ
bālasya lakṣmīṃ glapayantam indoḥ.

3.50 Mano nava|dvāra|niṣiddha|vṛtti
hṛdi vyavasthāpya samādhi|vaśyam
yam akṣaraṃ kṣetra|vido vidus tam
ātmānam ātmany avalokayantam.

The fierce pupils motionless
and their brightness slightly lessened,
his eyes, directed downward,
were focussed on his nose,
the eyelashes stationary,
the stilled eyes stilling the brow.

By restraint of his internal currents
he was like a cloud
without the vehemence of rain,
like an expanse of water
without a ripple,
like a lamp in a windless place
absolutely still.

With the rays of light
coming from his head
and finding their way
through the other eye socket
of the skull on his crest,
he made the beauty of his young moon,
softer than lotus fibers,
fade away.

Fixing his mind in his heart 3.50
with its movement through the nine doors
prevented under the control
of yogic concentration,
he was looking upon the self
within himself
which knowers of the field
call the unwavering self.

Smaras tathā|bhūtam A|yugma|netraṃ
paśyann adūrān manas' âpy adhṛṣyam
n' âlakṣayat sādhvasa|sanna|hastaḥ
srastaṃ śaraṃ cāpam api sva|hastāt.

Nirvāṇa|bhūyiṣṭham ath' âsya vīryaṃ
saṃdhukṣayant' îva vapur|guṇena
anuprayātā vana|devatābhyām
adṛśyata sthāvara|rāja|kanyā.

Aśoka|nirbhartsita|padma|rāgam
ākṛṣṭa|hema|dyuti|karṇi|kāram
muktā|kalāpī|kṛta|sinduvāraṃ
vasanta|puṣp'|ābharaṇaṃ vahantī.

Āvārjitā kiṃcid iva stanābhyāṃ
vāso vasānā taruṇ'|ârka|rāgam
paryāpta|puṣpa|stabak'|âvanamrā
saṃcāriṇī pallavinī lat" êva.

Beholding Three-eyed Shiva like that,
not far off, not to be assailed
even in imagination,
Kama, hands flaccid with fear,
did not notice his arrow
and even his bow
had dropped from his grasp.

Then, accompanied by two woodland goddesses,
the daughter of the mountain king appeared
and seemed with the special quality of her body
to fan into flames his courage,
which had been almost entirely extinguished.

She was wearing an ornamental
array of spring flowers,
*ashóka*s putting rubies to shame,
*karni·kara*s taking on the luster of gold,
*sindhu·vara*s serving as pearl necklaces.

As if somewhat bowed down
by her breasts,
wearing a robe
the color of the young sun,
she seemed like a walking creeper
with fresh shoots,
bent down
by abundant clusters of flowers.

3.55 Srastāṃ nitambād avalambamānā
punaḥ punaḥ kesara|puṣpa|kāñcīm
nyāsī|kṛtāṃ sthāna|vidā Smareṇa
dvitīya|maurvīm iva kārmukasya.

Sugandhi|niḥśvāsa|vivṛddha|tṛṣṇaṃ
bimb'|âdhar'|āsanna|caraṃ dvi|repham
pratikṣaṇaṃ saṃbhrama|lola|dṛṣṭir
līl"|âravindena nivārayantī.

Tāṃ vīkṣya sarv'|âvayav'|ân|avadyāṃ
Rater api hrī|padam ādadhānām
jit'|êndriye Śūlini Puṣpa|ketuḥ
sva|karma|siddhiṃ punar āśaśaṃsa.

Upāsituṃ sā ca Pināka|pāṇim
samāsasāda pratihāra|bhūmim
yogāt sa c' ântaḥ param'|ātma|saṃjñaṃ
dṛṣṭvā paraṃ jyotir upārarāma.

Tato bhujaṅg'|âdhipateḥ phaṇâbhir
adhaḥ kathaṃ|cid dhṛta|bhūmi|bhāgaḥ
śanaiḥ kṛta|prāṇa|vimuktir Īśaḥ
paryaṅka|bandhaṃ nibiḍaṃ bibheda.

Pulling up again and again 3.55
the girdle of *késara* flowers
slipping from her hip,
so that it seemed
Love had deposited there
in a place familiar to him
a second string for his bow.

Her eyes agitated in her confusion,
warding off with her play-lotus
at every moment a bee
hovering near her *bimba*-like lower lip,
its thirst increased by her fragrant breath.

Seeing her faultless in all her parts,
putting even Rati to shame,
Flower-bannered Love again
hoped for success in his mission
against the Trident-bearer
who'd conquered his senses.

And she approached the forecourt
to serve Shiva, who holds the Pináka bow,
just as he came out of his yogic trance
after contemplating the highest light
called the supreme self.

Then the Lord, slowly releasing
his vital airs, making it difficult
for the serpent king to support
the portion of earth beneath him
with his hoods,
undid the tight sitting band.

3.60 Tasmai śaśaṃsa praṇipatya Nandī
śuśrūṣayā Śaila|sutām upetām
praveśayām āsa ca bhartur enāṃ
bhrū|kṣepa|mātr'|ânumita|praveśām.

Tasyāḥ sakhībhyāṃ praṇipāta|pūrvaṃ
sva|hasta|bhūtaḥ śiśir'|âtyayasya
vyakīryata Try|ambaka|pāda|mūle
puṣp'|ôccayaḥ pallava|bhaṅga|bhinnaḥ.

Um" âpi nīl'|âlaka|madhya|śobhi
visraṃsayantī nava|karṇikāram
cakāra karṇa|cyuta|pallavena
mūrdhnā praṇāmaṃ Vṛṣabha|dhvajāya.

«An|anya|bhājaṃ patim āpnuh' îti»
sā tathyam ev' âbhihitā Bhavena
na h' Īśvara|vyāhṛtayaḥ kadācit
puṣyanti pāke viparītam artham.

Bowing low, Nandi announced 3.60
to him that the Mountain's daughter
had come and wished to serve him,
and, her entry inferred
by a twitch of his master's brow,
ushered her in.

Her two friends first bowed down
to Three-eyed Shiva
and then scattered
a mass of spring flowers
mixed with an arrangement of shoots—
the very hand of Spring himself,
who comes when the cold season goes.

Uma too bowed her head
to Bull-bannered Shiva,
sliding off the fresh *karni·kara* flower
that had been splendid
amid her black locks,
and dropping down
the flower spray from her ear.

"You will obtain a husband
who'll enjoy no other,"
Shiva who is Being itself truly told her.
For Lord Shiva's utterances
never foster a meaning
false in its fruition.

Kāmas tu bāṇ'|âvasara|pratīkṣaḥ
pataṅgavad vahni|mukhaṃ vivikṣuḥ
Umā|samakṣaṃ Hara|baddha|lakṣyaḥ
śar'|āsana|jyāṃ muhur āmamarśa.

3.65 Ath' ôpaninye Giri|śāya Gaurī
tapasvine tāmra|rucā kareṇa
viśoṣitāṃ bhānumato mayūkhair
Mandākinī|puṣkara|bīja|mālām.

Pratigrahītuṃ praṇayi|priyatvāt
Tri|locanas tām upacakrame ca
saṃmohanaṃ nāma ca Puṣpa|dhanvā
dhanuṣy amoghaṃ samadhatta bāṇam.

Haras tu kiṃcit parivṛtta|dhairyaś
candr'|ôday'|ārambha iv' âmbu|rāśiḥ
Umā|mukhe bimba|phal'|âdhar'|ōṣṭhe
vyāpārayām āsa vilocanāni.

Kama, for his part,
seeing an opportunity for his arrow,
like a moth wishing to enter
the flame's mouth,
taking aim at Shiva the Destroyer
while Uma was near him,
fingered his bowstring again and again.

Then, with her copper-red hand, 3.65
Gauri offered to the ascetic,
to Mountain-dwelling Shiva,
a rosary of seeds from Ganga's lotuses,
dried by the rays of the sun.

Three-eyed Shiva was about to take it,
for devotees are dear to him,
and Flower-bowed Love placed on his bow
the arrow called fascination,
which never fails.

But Shiva the Destroyer,
his calm slightly disturbed,
like the ocean
at the rise of the moon,
let his eyes rest on Uma's face,
with her lower lip like a *bimba* fruit.

Vivṛṇvatī śaila|sut" âpi bhāvam
aṅgaiḥ sphuṭad|bāla|kadamba|kalpaiḥ
sācī|kṛtā cārutareṇa tasthau
mukhena paryasta|vilocanena.

Ath' êndriya|kṣobham A|yugma|netraḥ
punar vaśitvād balavan nigṛhya
hetuṃ sva|ceto|vikṛter didṛkṣur
diśām upānteṣu sasarja dṛṣṭim.

3.70 Sa dakṣiṇ'|âpāṅga|niviṣṭa|muṣṭiṃ
nat'|âṃsam ākuñcita|savya|pādam
dadarśa cakrī|kṛta|cāru|cāpaṃ
prahartum abhyudyatam Ātma|yonim.

Tapaḥ|parāmarśa|vivṛddha|manyor
bhrū|bhaṅga|duṣ|prekṣya|mukhasya tasya
sphurann udarciḥ sahasā tṛtīyād
akṣṇaḥ kṛśānuḥ kila niṣpapāta.

The mountain's daughter, for her part,
revealing her affections
by her limbs prickling
like *kadámba* trees
with their tiny flowers,
turned her very beautiful face aside,
eyes downcast.

Then Three-eyed Shiva,
through his self-control
powerfully suppressing
the disturbance of his senses,
wished to see the cause
of his mind's disturbance
and sent his gaze in all directions.

He saw Self-born Love ready to attack, 3.70
his lovely bow drawn right back
to form a circle,
his fist resting
at the corner of his right eye,
shoulder hunched,
left foot arched.

Enraged by the violation of his penance,
his frown made his face
dreadful to behold,
and from his third eye
a sparkling, blazing fire
suddenly flew forth.

«Krodhaṃ prabho saṃhara saṃhar' êti!»
yāvad giraḥ khe marutāṃ caranti
tāvat sa vahnir Bhava|netra|janmā
bhasm'|âvaśeṣaṃ Madanaṃ cakāra.

Tīvr'|âbhiṣaṅga|prabhavena vṛttiṃ
mohena saṃstambhayat' êndriyāṇām
ajñāta|bhartṛ|vyasanā muhūrtaṃ
kṛt'|ôpakār' êva Ratir babhūva.

Tam āśu vighnaṃ tapasas tapasvī
vanas|patiṃ vajra iv' âvabhajya
strī|saṃnikarṣaṃ parihartum icchann
antar|dadhe Bhūta|patiḥ sa|bhūtaḥ.

3.75 Śail'|ātmaj" âpi pitur ucchiraso 'bhilāṣaṃ
vyarthaṃ samarthya lalitaṃ vapur ātmanaś ca
sakhyoḥ samakṣam iti c' âdhika|jāta|lajjā
śūnyā jagāma bhavan'|âbhimukhī kathaṃ|cit.

"Lord, hold back your anger,
hold back!"—
even as the cries of the wind-gods
crossed the sky,
that fire born from the eye
of Shiva who is Being,
reduced to ashes Intoxicating Love.

The swoon brought on
by this overwhelming blow
shut down Rati's senses;
and, making her ignorant
of her husband's ruin,
did her good service
for the moment.

The ascetic, who'd suddenly smashed
his asceticism's interruption
as a thunderbolt does a tree,
wished to avoid the presence of women
and disappeared with his creatures,
he the Lord of Creatures.

The mountain's daughter too, 3.75
judging her lofty father's wish
and her winsome body were worthless,
and all the more ashamed
it happened before her two friends,
feeling empty,
somehow or other went off
in the direction of her home.

Atha sa mukulit'|âkṣīṃ Rudra|saṃrambha|bhītyā
duhitaram anukampyām adrir ādāya dorbhyām
Sura|gaja iva bibhrat padminīṃ danta|lagnāṃ
pratipatha|gatir āsīd vega|dīrghī|kṛt'|āṅgaḥ.

While her eyes were still closed
in fear of the Destroyer's rage
the mountain quickly took in his arms
his pitiful daughter
like Indra's elephant with a lotus
clinging to his tusk,
and dashed homeward,
his body lengthened by his speed.

CANTO 4
LOVE'S WIFE'S LAMENT

Atha moha|parāyaṇā satī
vivaśā Kāma|vadhūr vibodhitā
Vidhinā pratipādayiṣyatā
nava|vaidhavyam a|sahya|vedanam.

Avadhāna|pare cakāra sā
pralay'|ânt'|ônmiṣite vilocane
na viveda tayor a|tṛptayoḥ
priyam atyanta|vilupta|darśanam.

« Ayi jīvita|nātha jīvas' îty?»
abhidhāy' ôtthitayā tayā puraḥ
dadṛśe puruṣ'|ākṛti kṣitau
Hara|kop'|ânala|bhasma kevalam.

Atha sā punar eva vihvalā
vasudh"|āliṅgana|dhūsara|stanī
vilalāpa vikīrṇa|mūrdha|jā
sama|duḥkhām iva kurvatī sthalīm.

Succumbing to a swoon,
Kama's wife, good and true,
but helpless, was then brought
back to consciousness
by Fate, determined
to make her undergo
her new widowhood,
with its unbearable suffering.

At the end of her swoon
she brought herself to open her eyes
and looked intently around.
She was not aware
the sight of her beloved
was utterly cut off from her eyes,
which could never
have enough of him

"*Ayi,* lord of my life, are you alive?"
she said as she got up.
She saw in front of her
on the ground only the ashes
of the fire of the Destroyer's anger—
ashes in the outline of a man.

Then, once more distraught,
her breasts dirty
from embracing the earth,
she wailed,
dishevelling her hair,
seeming to make the ground
feel her pain.

«Upamānam abhūd vilāsināṃ
karaṇaṃ yat tava kāntimattayā
tad idaṃ gatam īdṛśīṃ daśāṃ
na vidīrye kaṭhināḥ khalu striyaḥ!

Kva nu māṃ tvad|adhīna|jīvitāṃ
vinikīrya kṣaṇa|bhinna|sauhṛdaḥ
nalinīṃ kṣata|setu|bandhano
jala|saṃghāta iv' âsi vidrutaḥ?

Kṛtavān asi vipriyaṃ na me
pratikūlaṃ na ca te mayā kṛtam
kim a|kāraṇam eva darśanaṃ
vilapantyai Rataye na dīyate?

Smarasi Smara mekhalā|guṇair
uta gotra|skhaliteṣu bandhanam
cyuta|kesara|dūṣit'|ēkṣaṇāny
avataṃs'|ôtpala|tāḍanāni vā?

"Your body was 4.5
the standard of comparison
for ladies' men
on account of its beauty.
That it has come to this condition
and I'm not tearing myself apart!
Truly women are hard-hearted!

Where have you run to,
casting me aside,
whose life depends on you,
breaking up our love in a moment,
as a torrent of water,
breaking through
a restraining causeway,
casts aside a lotus?

You did not do anything to displease me,
nor have I done anything
against your wishes.
Why for no reason
is sight of you not given to Rati
when she laments you?

O Love, do you remember
me tying you up
with the strings of my girdle
when you got my name wrong,
or the beatings with the lotuses
that were my ear ornaments,
paining your eyes with
their falling filaments?

‹Hṛdaye vasas' îti› mat|priyaṃ
yad avocas tad avaimi kaitavam
upacāra|padaṃ na ced idaṃ
tvam an|aṅgaḥ katham akṣatā Ratiḥ?

4.10 Para|loka|nava|pravāsinaḥ
pratipatsye padavīm ahaṃ tava.
Vidhinā jana eṣa vañcitas
tvad|adhīnaṃ khalu dehināṃ sukham.

Rajanī|timir'|âvaguṇṭhite
pura|mārge ghana|śabda|viklavāḥ
vasatiṃ priya! kāmināṃ priyās
tvad|ṛte prāpayituṃ ka īśvaraḥ?

Nayanāny aruṇāni ghūrṇayan
vacanāni skhalayan pade pade
asati tvayi vāruṇī|madaḥ
pramadānām adhunā viḍambanā.

You used to say
'You dwell in my heart,'
words dear to me.
I realize they're false.
If they were not a polite phrase,
how is it that when you have no body
Rati is unharmed?

You've just started 4.10
on your journey to the next world,
and I will follow your path.
Fate's cheated us all:
the happiness of embodied beings
depended on you!

Who but you, my beloved,
could empower beloved women
to reach their lovers' houses
when the city streets are veiled
in the darkness of night
and they're frightened
by the sound of thunder?

Rolling their red eyes,
slurring every word—
for women
getting drunk on wine
is just a sham
now that you're no more.

Avagamya kathī|kṛtaṃ vapuḥ
priya|bandhos tava niṣphal'|ôdayaḥ
bahule 'pi gate niśā|karas
tanutāṃ duḥkham An|aṅga! mokṣyati.

Harit'|âruṇa|cāru|bandhanaḥ
kala|puṃs|kokila|śabda|sūcitaḥ
vada saṃprati kasya bāṇatāṃ
nava|cūta|prasavo gamiṣyati?

4.15 Ali|paṅktir an|ekaśas tvayā
guṇa|kṛtye dhanuṣo niyojitā
vitataiḥ karuṇa|svarair iyaṃ
guru|śokām anurodit' îva mām.

Pratipadya mano|haraṃ vapuḥ
punar apy ādiśa tāvad utthitaḥ
rati|dūti|padeṣu kokilāṃ
madhur'|ālāpa|nisarga|paṇḍitām.

O bodiless Love,
the rising of the moon
is pointless now,
and when the moon
learns your body's
become just a story,
you who were his dear friend,
only with difficulty will he
lose his slenderness
when it's time for him to become full.

Tell me, who now will use
the fresh mango shoot as an arrow
with its beautiful red and green stem
proclaimed by the male *kokil*'s melodious call?

This row of bees used so often 4.15
for your bowstring,
with its drawn out hum—
the notes of pity—
seems to mourn with me
in my great sorrow.

Taking on your charming body
and rising up,
appoint once again the *kokil*'s mate
as messenger for the pleasures of love,
she so naturally clever in sweet talk.

Śirasā praṇipatya yācitāny
upagūḍhāni sa|vepathūni ca
su|ratāni ca tāni tāni te
Smara saṃsmṛtya na śāntir asti me.

Racitaṃ rati|paṇḍita tvayā
svayam aṅgeṣu mam' êdam ārtavam
dhriyate kusuma|prasādhanaṃ
tava tac cāru vapur na dṛśyate.

Vibudhair asi yasya dāruṇair
a|samāpte pratikarmaṇi smṛtaḥ
tam imaṃ kuru dakṣiṇ'|êtaraṃ
caraṇaṃ nirmita|rāgam ehi me.

4.20 Aham etya pataṅga|vartmanā
punar aṅk'|āśrayiṇī bhavāmi te
caturaiḥ sura|kāminī|janaiḥ
priya yāvan na vilobhyase divi.

There is no peace for me,
remembering, O Love,
the trembling embraces
you requested by bowing your head
and those delights of love
and those.

O master of sexual delights,
I'm still wearing on my limbs
this decoration of spring flowers
you fashioned for me,
but that beautiful body of yours
is not to be seen.

You were called to mind
and called away
by the cruel gods
before you completed
the adornment of my left foot.
Come, finish painting it.

Coming by the path of the moth 4.20
that enters a flame,
I will again sit in your lap
my beloved,
before you're seduced in heaven
by the skilful women of the gods.

‹Madanena vinā|kṛtā Ratiḥ
kṣaṇa|mātraṃ kila jīvit" êti› me
vacanīyam idaṃ vyavasthitaṃ
ramaṇa! tvām anuyāmi yady api.

Kriyatāṃ katham antya|maṇḍanaṃ
para|lok'|ântaritasya te mayā?
samam eva gato 'sy a|tarkitāṃ
gatim aṅgena ca jīvitena ca.

ṛjutāṃ nayataḥ smarāmi te
śaram utsaṅga|niṣaṇṇa|dhanvanaḥ
Madhunā saha sasmitāṃ kathāṃ
nayan'|ôpānta|vilokitaṃ ca tat.

Kva nu te hṛdayaṃ|gamaḥ sakhā
kusum'|āyojita|kārmuko Madhuḥ?
na khal' ûgra|ruṣā Pinākinā
gamitaḥ so 'pi suhṛd|gatāṃ gatim?»

That it should be said
'Rati deprived of Kama
lived even a moment'
is to my shame,
follow after you though I will,
my darling.

How can I adorn you
for your last rites
when you've disappeared
into the next world?
Your departure's
beyond comprehension,
for both body and life
have gone simultaneously.

I remember you straightening an arrow,
the bow lying across your lap
while you talked and laughed with Spring,
and looked at me
out of the corner of your eye.

Where now is your charming friend,
Spring, who supplied your bow
with his flowers?
Has he not been sent
on the same path as his friend
by Bow-bearing Shiva in his fierce rage?"

4.25 Atha taiḥ paridevit'|âkṣarair
hṛdaye digdha|phalair iv ârditaḥ
Ratim abhyupapattum āturāṃ
Madhur ātmānam adarśayat puraḥ.

Tam avekṣya ruroda sā bhṛśaṃ
stana|saṃbādham uro jaghāna ca
sva|janasya hi duḥkham agrato
vivṛta|dvāram iv' ôpajāyate.

Iti c' âinam uvāca duḥkhitā
«suhṛdaḥ paśya Vasanta kiṃ sthitam
yad idaṃ kaṇaśaḥ prakīryate
pavanair bhasma kapota|karburam.

Ayi saṃprati dehi darśanaṃ
Smara! paryutsuka eṣa Mādhavaḥ.
dayitāsv an|avasthitaṃ nṛṇāṃ
na khalu prema calaṃ suhṛj|jane.

Amunā nanu pārśva|vartinā
jagad ājñāṃ sa|sur'|âsuraṃ tava
bisa|tantu|guṇasya kāritaṃ
dhanuṣaḥ pelava|puṣpa|pattriṇaḥ.

Then, pained in the heart 4.25
by her words of woe,
as if by poisoned barbs,
Spring showed himself
before the desolate Rati
to console her.

On seeing him she cried the more,
and beat her full-breasted chest,
for unhappiness becomes visible
in the presence of one's own people,
as through an open door.

And grief-stricken she said to him,
"See, Spring, what remains of your friend:
these particles of ash, dove-gray,
blown about in the wind.

Ayi, Kama, show yourself now!
Here is Spring, eager to see you.
For the women they love
men's affection may not endure,
but for their friends
it does not waver.

Surely with this one at your side,
the world with its gods and demons
was put under the command of your bow,
strung with lotus fiber
with delicate flowers as its arrows.

4.30 Gata eva na te nivartate
sa sakhā dīpa iv' ânil'|āhataḥ.
aham asya daś" êva. paśya mām
a|viṣahya|vyasana|pradhūmitām.

Vidhinā kṛtam ardha|vaiśasaṃ
nanu māṃ Kāma|vadhe vimuñcatā.
an|agh" âpi hi saṃśraya|drume
gaja|bhagne patanāya vallarī.

Tad idaṃ kriyatām anantaraṃ
bhavatā bandhu|jana|prayojanam.
vidhurāṃ jvalan'|âtisarjanān
nanu māṃ prāpaya bhartur antikam.

Śaśinā saha yāti kaumudī
saha meghena taḍit pralīyate
pramadāḥ pati|vartma|gā iti
pratipannaṃ hi vicetanair api.

He's gone, that friend of yours, 4.30
and he will not return,
like a lamp struck by the wind.
I am his wick.
Look at me,
smoke-blackened by unbearable misery.

By sparing me
in the killing of Kama,
Fate has left the butchery
half undone.
The creeper has to fall,
though innocent,
when the tree that was its support
is broken by an elephant.

Therefore please perform
this service without delay
for your friend's wife.
Consign me,
widow that I am,
into the fire
and send me to the presence
of my husband.

Moonlight departs with the moon,
lightning disappears with the cloud,
for even inanimate things
acknowledge
that women
follow their husband's path.

Amun" āiva kaṣāyita|stanī
su|bhagena priya|gātra|bhasmanā
nava|pallava|saṃstare yathā
racayiṣyāmi tanuṃ vibhā|vasau.

4.35 Kusum'|āstaraṇe sahāyatāṃ
bahuśaḥ saumya! gatas tvam āvayoḥ
kuru saṃprati tāvad āśu me
praṇipāt'|âñjali|yācitaś citām.

Tad|anu jvalanaṃ mad|arpitaṃ
tvarayer dakṣiṇa|vāta|vījanaiḥ
viditaṃ khalu te yathā Smaraḥ
kṣaṇam apy utsahate na māṃ vinā.

Iti c' âpi vidhāya dīyatāṃ
salilasy' âñjalir eka eva nau
a|vibhajya paratra yaṃ mayā
sahitaḥ pāsyati te sa bāndhavaḥ.

Smearing my breasts
with these blessed ashes
of my beloved's body,
I'll lay myself on the fire
as if it were a bed of fresh shoots.

Many a time, kind friend, 4.35
you helped the two of us
make our bed of flowers.
So now I beg you,
folding my hands and bowing,
be quick
and make a pyre for me.

After that, speed up the fire
on which I'm laid,
with the fanning of your south wind,
for surely you know that Kama
can't suffer even a moment
without me.

And when you've done this,
give us both
just the one offering of water
from your cupped hands.
Don't divide it.
Your friend will drink it
with me
in the next world.

Para|loka|vidhau ca Mādhava!
Smaram uddiśya vilola|pallavāḥ
nivapeḥ sahakāra|mañjarīḥ
priya|cūta|prasavo hi te sakhā.»

Iti deha|vimuktaye sthitāṃ
Ratim ākāśa|bhavā sarasvatī
śapharīṃ hrada|śoṣa|vihvalāṃ
prathamā vṛṣṭir iv' ânvakampata.

4.40 «Kusum'|āyudha|patni! durlabhas
tava bhartā na cirād bhaviṣyati.
śṛṇu yena sa karmaṇā gataḥ
śalabhatvaṃ Hara|locan'|ârciṣi.

Abhilāṣam udīrit'|êndriyaḥ
sva|sutāyām akarot Prajā|patiḥ.
atha tena nigṛhya vikriyām
abhiśaptaḥ phalam etad anvabhūt.

And, Spring, in the funeral for Kama,
you should offer mango flowers,
with tremulous shoots,
for the mango blossom
was dear to your friend."

To Rati standing ready
to abandon her body,
a voice from the sky
offered comfort,
as the first rain does
a *shâphari* fish distressed
by its pond drying up.

"Wife of flower-weaponed Love, 4.40
you won't long
be deprived of your husband.
Hear through what deed
he became a moth in the fire
of Shiva the Destroyer's eye.

Brahma, Lord of Creation,
his senses stirred,
lusted for his own daughter.
Then he suppressed the disturbance
and cursed Kama—
who has suffered
this fruit of his action.

‹Pariṇeṣyati Pārvatīṃ yadā
tapasā tat|pravaṇī|kṛto Haraḥ
upalabdha|sukhas tadā Smaraṃ
vapuṣā svena niyojayiṣyati.›

Iti c' āha sa dharma|yācitaḥ
Smara|śāp'|ânta|śivāṃ sarasvatīm.
aśaner amṛtasya c' ôbhayor
vaśinaś c' âmbu|dharāś ca yonayaḥ.

Tad idaṃ parirakṣa śobhane!
bhavitavya|priya|saṃgamaṃ vapuḥ
ravi|pīta|jalā tap'|âtyaye
punar oghena hi yujyate nadī.»

4.45 Itthaṃ Rateḥ kim api bhūtam a|dṛśya|rūpaṃ
mandī|cakāra maraṇa|vyavasāya|buddhim
tat|pratyayāc ca Kusum'|āyudha|bandhur enām
āśvāsayat sucarit'|ârtha|padair vacobhiḥ.

'When Shiva the Destroyer,
brought to favor Párvati
by her penance,
marries her,
then in his joy
he will rejoin Kama
with his body.'

And Brahma, at Dharma's entreaty,
uttered this speech, auspicious
in setting a limit to Kama's curse:
self-controlled sages and rain clouds
are the source of both fire and nectar.

O beautiful woman!
look after this body of yours,
which will be united with your beloved,
for the river whose waters
have been drunk by the sun
is joined again with the flood
at the end of the hot season."

Thus some wonderful being, 4.45
form unseen,
weakened Rati's resolve to die
and because he trusted in it
Kama's friend encouraged her
with optimistic words.

Atha Madana|vadhūr upaplav'|ântaṃ
vyasana|kṛśā paripālayāṃ babhūva
śaśina iva divātanasya lekhā
kiraṇa|parikṣaya|dhūsarā pradoṣam.

Then Kama's wife,
gaunt in her grief,
waited for the end
of her misfortune,
as the crescent moon
in the daytime,
gray with the failure of its rays,
waits for the evening.

CANTO 5
ASCETICISM BEARS FRUIT

Tathā samakṣaṃ dahatā Mano|bhavaṃ
Pinākinā bhagna|manorathā satī
nininda rūpaṃ hṛdayena Pārvatī
priyeṣu saubhāgya|phalā hi cārutā.

Iyeṣa sā kartum a|vandhya|rūpatāṃ
samādhim āsthāya tapobhir ātmanaḥ
avāpyate vā katham anyathā dvayaṃ
tathā|vidhaṃ prema patiś ca tādṛśaḥ?

Niśamya c' âināṃ tapase kṛt'|ôdyamāṃ
sutāṃ Gir'|īśaṃ prati sakta|mānasām
uvāca Menā parirabhya vakṣasā
nivārayantī mahato muni|vratāt.

«Manīṣitāḥ santi gṛheṣu devatās
tapaḥ kva vatse kva ca tāvakaṃ vapuḥ
padaṃ saheta bhramarasya pelavaṃ
śirīṣa|puṣpaṃ na punaḥ patattriṇaḥ.»

HER HOPES SHATTERED
by Shiva the bow-bearer
thus burning up Mind-born Love
in front of her eyes,
Párvati blamed her beauty
with all her heart,
for pleasing the beloved
should be beauty's fruit.

She wished to make her beauty fruitful,
by resorting to yogic concentration
through her own asceticism.
How else were both to be attained—
such a love and such a husband?

Hearing that this daughter of hers,
whose heart was set
on Shiva the mountain lord,
had resolved to practice penance,
Mena hugged her to her chest
and to prevent her making
the great vow of the ascetic said:

"The gods we wish for
are in our houses.
My dear child, how great
is the difference between asceticism
and this body of yours!
The delicate *shirísha* flower can support
the alighting of a bee
but not of a bird."

5.5 Iti śrut'|êcchām anuśāsatī sutāṃ
śaśāka Menā na niyantum udyamāt.
ka īpsit'|ârtha|sthira|niścayaṃ manaḥ
payaś ca nimn'|âbhimukhaṃ pratīpayet?

Kadācid āsanna|sakhī|mukhena sā
manoratha|jñaṃ pitaraṃ manasvinī
ayācat' âraṇya|nivāsam ātmanaḥ
phal'|ôday'|ântāya tapaḥ|samādhaye.

Ath' ânurūp'|âbhiniveśa|toṣiṇā
kṛt'|âbhyanujñā guruṇā garīyasā
prajāsu paścāt prathitaṃ tad|ākhyayā
jagāma Gaurī śikharaṃ śikhaṇḍimat.

Vimucya sā hāram a|hārya|niścayā
vilola|yaṣṭi|pravilupta|candanam
babandha bāl'|âruṇa|babhru valkalaṃ
payodhar'|ôtsedha|viśīrṇa|saṃhati.

So counselling her daughter 5.5
when she'd heard her wish,
Mena could not shake her
from her resolve.
Who can turn back a mind
intent upon its desired object
or water moving downward?

Through the mouth of a close friend,
one day she who was wise
asked her father, who knew her wish,
that she might dwell in the forest
to perform austerities
until the result was achieved.

Then, pleased
with her worthy intention,
her venerable parent
gave his permission
and Gauri went to a peak
where there were peacocks,
afterward famous among local people
who named it after her.

She who would not abandon her resolve
removed her necklace,
which used to wipe off her sandal paste
with its swinging strings,
and put on a garment of bark
as tawny as the rising sun,
its fastening split
by the thrusting of her breasts.

Yathā prasiddhair madhuraṃ śiro|ruhair
jaṭābhir apy evam abhūt tad|ānanam.
na ṣaṭ|pada|śreṇibhir eva paṅka|jaṃ
sa|śeval'|āsaṅgam api prakāśate.

5.10 Pratikṣaṇaṃ sā kṛta|roma|vikriyāṃ
vratāya mauñjīṃ triguṇāṃ babhāra yām
akāri tat|pūrva|nibaddhayā tayā
sa|rāgam asyā rasanā|guṇ'|āspadam.

Visṛṣṭa|rāgād adharān nivartitaḥ
stan'|âṅga|rāg'|âruṇitāc ca kandukāt
kuś'|âṅkur'|ādāna|parikṣat'|âṅguliḥ
kṛto 'kṣa|sūtra|praṇayī tayā karaḥ.

Just as her face looked sweet
with her coiffured hair,
so too did it with her matted locks.
The lotus is resplendent
not only with rows of bees
but also when waterweed clings to it.

To mark her vow 5.10
she wore a cord
of three threads of *maunja* grass
that she'd made up herself
and which made her skin
bristle all the time,
reddening the place
where her girdle string had been.

Her hand didn't touch her lower lip,
for she no longer colored it red,
nor did her hand touch her ball
that used to be reddened
with the red unguent on her breasts,
but, her fingers cut
by taking up blades of holy *kusha* grass,
she loved to hold
her rosary of *rúdraksha* seeds.

mah'|ârha|śayyā|parivartana|cyutaiḥ
sva|keśa|puṣpair api yā sma dūyate
aśeta sā bāhu|lat"|ôpadhāyinī
niṣeduṣī sthaṇḍila eva kevale.

Punar grahītuṃ niyama|sthayā tayā
dvayeṣu nikṣepa iv' ârpitaṃ dvayam
latāsu tanvīṣu vilāsa|ceṣṭitaṃ
vilola|dṛṣṭaṃ hariṇ'|âṅganāsu ca.

A|tandritā sā svayam eva vṛkṣakān
ghaṭa|stana|prasravaṇair vyavardhayat
Guho 'pi yeṣāṃ pratham'|āpta|janmanāṃ
na putra|vātsalyam apākariṣyati.

She who used to be pained
even by the flowers
from her own hair
when they were displaced
by her turning to and fro
on her costly couch,
lay down
with her arm-creeper as pillow,
on the bare ground.

While she kept her vow,
she deposited two things
in two places
to be collected later:
her coquettish gestures
with the slender creepers,
her flickering glances
with the female deer.

By pouring water from breast-like pots,
untiring, she reared all on her own
the saplings,
and even Karttikéya, the Hidden One,
will not displace
her maternal love
for these her firstborn sons.

5.15 Araṇya|bīj'|âñjali|dāna|lālitās
tathā ca tasyāṃ hariṇā viśaśvasuḥ
yathā tadīyair nayanaiḥ kutūhalāt
puraḥ sakhīnām amimīta locane.

Kṛt'|âbhiṣekāṃ huta|jāta|vedasaṃ
tvag|uttar'|āsaṅgavatīm adhītinīm
didṛkṣavas tām munayo 'bhyupāgaman.
na dharma|vṛddheṣu vayaḥ samīkṣyate.

Virodhi|sattv'|ôjjhita|pūrva|matsaraṃ
drumair ap' îṣṭa|prasav'|ârcit'|âtithi
nav'|ôṭaj'|âbhyantara|saṃbhṛt'|ânalaṃ
tapovanaṃ tac ca babhūva pāvanam.

And the deer, indulged 5.15
with her offerings
of handfuls of forest grain,
gained so much confidence in her
that out of curiosity
she measured her eyes
against theirs
in front of her friends.

She ritually bathed,
offered oblations to the fire,
wore bark as her upper garment,
recited the sacred texts,
and the sages came, eager to see her.
Physical age is not taken into account
in respect of people old in religious matters.

And that ascetics' grove
where the sacred fire was maintained
under a canopy of fresh leaves
became actively holy,
making deadly enemies
lose their former antipathy,
with even the trees honoring guests
with whatever fruit they wished.

Yadā phalaṃ pūrva|tapaḥ|samādhinā
na tāvatā labhyam amaṃsta kāṅkṣitam
tad" ân|apekṣya sva|śarīra|mārdavaṃ
tapo mahat sā carituṃ pracakrame.

Klamaṃ yayau kanduka|līlay" âpi yā
tayā munīnāṃ caritaṃ vyagāhyata.
dhruvaṃ vapuḥ kāñcana|padma|nirmitaṃ
mṛdu prakṛtyā ca susāram eva ca.

5.20 Śucau caturṇāṃ jvalatāṃ havir|bhujāṃ
śuci|smitā madhya|gatā su|madhyamā
vijitya netra|pratighātinīṃ prabhām
an|anya|dṛṣṭiḥ savitāram aikṣata.

Tath" āpi taptaṃ savitur gabhastibhir
mukhaṃ tadīyaṃ kamala|śriyaṃ dadhau
apāṅgayoḥ kevalam asya dīrghayoḥ
śanaiḥ śanaiḥ śyāmikayā kṛtaṃ padam.

When she realized what she desired
wasn't obtainable
by the penance
she had so far practiced,
then, disregarding
the softness of her own body,
she began to perform a mighty penance.

Though she used to wear herself out
playing at ball
she plunged into
the ascetics' way of life.
Surely her body was fashioned
out of a golden lotus
soft in its original nature,
yet really strong.

In the hot season, her smile was bright
amid four blazing fires,
she whose waist is slender;
conquering the radiance
that dazzles the eyes,
she gazed at the sun,
looking at nothing else.

Heated up by the rays of the sun
that face of hers took on
the resplendent beauty of a red lotus,
and only in her eyes' long corners,
little by little,
were scorch marks made.

Ayācit'|ôpasthitam ambu kevalaṃ
ras'|ātmakasy' ôḍupateś ca raśmayaḥ
babhūva tasyāḥ kila pāraṇā|vidhir
na vṛkṣa|vṛtti|vyatirikta|sādhanaḥ.

Nikāma|taptā dvi|vidhena vahninā
nabhaś|careṇ'|êndhana|saṃbhṛtena ca
tap'|âtyaye vāribhir ukṣitā navair
bhuvā sah' ôṣmāṇam amuñcad ūrdhva|gam.

Sthitāḥ kṣaṇaṃ pakṣmasu tāḍit'|âdharāḥ
payo|dhar'|ôtsedha|nipāta|cūrṇitāḥ
valīṣu tasyāḥ skhalitāḥ prapedire
cireṇa nābhiṃ pratham'|ôda|bindavaḥ.

5.25 Śilā|śayāṃ tām a|niketa|vāsinīṃ
nirantarāsv antara|vāta|vṛṣṭiṣu
vyalokayann unmiṣitais taḍin|mayair
mahā|tapaḥ|sākṣya iva sthitāḥ kṣapāḥ.

For breaking her fast
her practice was no different
from the sustenance of trees:
she didn't seek water,
drinking only what came to her,
the rain that fell
and the liquid rays of the moon.

Excessively heated by twofold fire,
by the sun in the sky
and by fires fed by fuel,
at the end of the hot season,
drenched with fresh showers,
she along with the earth
gave off rising steam.

Pausing a moment on her eyelashes,
beating against her lower lip,
breaking up in the fall
on to the protrusion of her breasts,
slithering into the three folds of skin below,
the first drops of water
eventually reached her navel.

Sleeping on stone, 5.25
living outdoors,
amid ceaseless rain
and intermittent wind,
the nights seemed to witness
her great asceticism
as they looked upon her
with their glances formed by lightning.

Ninâya s" âtyanta|him'|ôtkir'|ânilāḥ
sahasya|rātrīr uda|vāsa|tat|parā
paraspar'|ākrandini cakravākayoḥ
puro viyukte mithune kṛpāvatī.

Mukhena sā padma|sugandhinā niśi
pravepamān'|âdhara|patra|śobhinā
tuṣāra|vṛṣṭi|kṣata|padma|saṃpadāṃ
saro|ja|sandhānam iv' âkarod apām.

Svayaṃ|viśīrṇa|druma|parṇa|vṛttitā
parā hi kāṣṭhā tapasas tayā punaḥ
tad apy apākīrṇam ataḥ priyaṃ|vadāṃ
vadanty Aparṇ" êti ca tāṃ purā|vidaḥ.

She spent the nights
of mighty Sahasya, the winter month,
when the winds whirled snow,
committed to standing in water,
full of pity for a pair of *chakra·vaka* birds
in her field of view, separated
and calling for each other.

With her face at night
as fragrant as a red lotus,
beautiful with the trembling petal
that was her lower lip,
she seemed to restore the lotuses
belonging to the waters
whose wealth of red lotuses
had been destroyed by showers of snow.

Because she rejected,
gracious in speech though she was,
even the high level of asceticism
that is living only on leaves
falling from trees
of their own accord,
those who know the past
call her Áparna, the Leafless Lady.

Mṛṇālikā|pelavam evam|ādibhir
vrataiḥ svam aṅgaṃ glapayanty ahar|niśam
tapaḥ śarīraiḥ kaṭhinair upārjitaṃ
tapasvināṃ dūram adhaś|cakāra sā.

5.30 Ath' âjin'|āṣāḍha|dharaḥ pragalbha|vāg
jvalann iva Brahma|mayena tejasā
viveśa kaś|cij jaṭilas tapo|vanaṃ
śarīra|baddhaḥ pratham'|āśramo yathā.

Tam ātitheyī bahumāna|pūrvayā
saparyayā pratyudiyāya Pārvatī
bhavanti sāmye 'pi niviṣṭa|cetasāṃ
vapur|viśeṣeṣv adhigauravāḥ kriyāḥ.

Wearing out her body
tender as lotus fiber
day and night
with these and other vows,
she went far beyond
the asceticism achieved
by the sturdy bodies
of ordinary ascetics.

Then there entered the ascetic grove 5.30
a certain ascetic with matted locks,
wearing an antelope's skin
and carrying a staff of wingseed wood,
seeming to shine
with the radiance of Brahma,
like the first stage of life,
studenthood, in human form,
proud in his eloquence.

Párvati, always welcoming to guests,
advanced to meet him
with the due formality
that follows great respect.
Toward special persons
the actions of calm minds,
even in their equanimity,
are extremely respectful.

Vidhi|prayuktāṃ pratigṛhya sat|kriyāṃ
pariśramaṃ nāma vinīya ca kṣaṇam
Umāṃ sa paśyann ṛjun" âiva cakṣuṣā
pracakrame vaktum an|ujjhita|kramaḥ.

«Api kriy"|ârthaṃ su|labhaṃ samit|kuśaṃ?
jalāny api snāna|vidhi|kṣamāṇi te?
api sva|śaktyā tapasi pravartase?
śarīram ādyaṃ khalu dharma|sādhanam.

Api tvad|āvarjita|vāri|saṃbhṛtaṃ
pravālam āsām anubandhi vīrudhām
cir'|ôjjhit'|âlaktaka|pāṭalena te
tulāṃ yad ārohati danta|vāsasā?

5.35 Api prasannaṃ hariṇeṣu te manaḥ
kara|stha|darbha|praṇay'|âparādhiṣu
ya utpal'|âkṣi! pracalair vilocanais
tav' âkṣi|sāpatnyam iva prayuñjate?

Yad ucyate Pārvati! pāpa|vṛttaye
na rūpam ity a|vyabhicāri tad vacaḥ
tathā hi te śīlam udāra|darśane!
tapasvinām apy upadeśatāṃ gatam.

Accepting the hospitality
that was offered with proper rituals
and seeming to lose his fatigue in a moment,
he looked Uma straight in the eye
and proceeded to speak with due decorum.

"Are firewood and *kusha* grass
readily available for your rituals?
And waters suitable for ritual bathing?
Do you practice asceticism
according to your strength?
The body is said to be the primary means
for the performance of dharma.

Is the shoot belonging to these creepers
nourished by water you pour?
It grows to resemble your lip
long bereft of lac yet still red.

Is your mind unperturbed by the deer 5.35
when they offend by their fondness
for the *darbha* grass needed for ritual,
taking it from your hands,
and who with their darting eyes
rival your eyes, O lotus-eyed lady?

O Párvati, the saying that
beauty does not lead to sinful behavior
is not wide of the mark.
For, O lady of noble vision, your behavior
has become a model for ascetics.

Vikīrṇa|Sapta|ṛṣi|bali|prahāsibhis
tathā na Gāṅgaiḥ salilair divaś cyutaiḥ
yathā tvadīyaiś caritair an|āvilair
mahī|dharaḥ pāvita eṣa s'|ânvayaḥ.

Anena dharmaḥ sa|viśeṣam adya me
tri|varga|sāraḥ pratibhāti bhāvini!
tvayā mano|nirviṣay'|ârtha|kāmayā
yad eka eva pratigṛhya sevyate.

Prayukta|sat|kāra|viśeṣam ātmanā
na māṃ paraṃ saṃpratipattum arhasi
yataḥ satāṃ saṃnata|gātri! saṃgataṃ
manīṣibhiḥ sāpta|padīnam ucyate.

5.40 Ato 'tra kiṃcid bhavatīṃ bahu|kṣamāṃ
dvi|jāti|bhāvād upapanna|cāpalaḥ
ayaṃ janaḥ praṣṭu|manās tapo|dhane!
na ced rahasyaṃ prativaktum arhasi.

By the Ganga waters fallen from the sky
and smiling with the offerings of flowers
scattered by the Seven Sages,
this mountain and his family
is not purified as much
as it is by your pure deeds.

Today, by this conduct of yours,
dharma seems to me to be
preeminently the essence
of the three ends of man,
O noble lady, since this one alone
has been selected and practiced by you
for whose mind material advantage
and the senses are of no concern.

You've given me special hospitality
and you ought not
to treat me as a stranger
because the wise say that seven words
make good people friends,
O lady with bowed body!

Hence, O lady rich in ascetic power, 5.40
my curiosity as a brahman is aroused
and this person here and now
is minded to ask a question of you,
which will make further demands
on the great patience you have already shown.
If it isn't a secret, you ought to answer.

Kule prasūtiḥ prathamasya vedhasas
tri|loka|saundaryam iv' ôditaṃ vapuḥ
a|mṛgyam aiśvarya|sukhaṃ navaṃ vayas.
tapaḥ|phalaṃ syāt kim ataḥ paraṃ? vada.

Bhavaty an|iṣṭād api nāma duḥ|sahān
manasvinīnāṃ pratipattir īdṛśī
vicāra|mārga|prahitena cetasā
na dṛśyate tac ca kṛś'|ôdari! tvayi.

A|labhya|śok'|âbhibhav' êyam ākṛtir
vimānanā subhru! kutaḥ pitur gṛhe,
par'|âvamarśo na tav' âsti kaḥ karaṃ
prasārayet pannaga|ratna|sūcaye.

Birth in the first creator's family;
a body seeming to encapsulate
the beauty of the three worlds:
you've no need to go looking
for wealth's ease;
you have fresh youth.
What more than this
can be your asceticism's fruit?
Speak.

Such means for noble ladies
are a resource
against what is not wanted
and is hard to bear,
but that, lean-bellied lady!
does not apply in your case,
from whatever perspective
one considers the matter.

This form of yours cannot
be subjected to sorrow.
How can there be disrespect
in your father's house,
O fair-browed lady?
Nor can a stranger touch you.
Who would stretch out his hand
for a serpent's sharp-edged jewel?

Kim ity apāsy' ābharaṇāni yauvane
dhṛtaṃ tvayā vārddhaka|śobhi valkalam?
vada pradoṣe sphuṭa|candra|tārake
vibhāvarī yady aruṇāya kalpate.

5.45 Divaṃ yadi prārthayase vṛthā śramaḥ
pituḥ pradeśās tava deva|bhūmayaḥ
ath' ôpayantāram alaṃ samādhinā!
na ratnam anviṣyati. mṛgyate hi tat.

Niveditaṃ niḥśvasitena soṣmaṇā,
manas tu me saṃśayam eva gāhate.
na dṛśyate prārthayitavya eva te.
bhaviṣyati prārthita|durlabhaḥ katham?

Why in your youth have you
discarded your ornaments
and put on the birch bark
that is fine for the elderly?
Tell me if night is ready
for the red morning
when it's evening
and the moon and the stars are out!

If you're seeking heaven, 5.45
your effort is in vain—
your father's dominion
is the land of the gods.
Or, if you're seeking a husband,
have done with meditation!
A jewel does not seek.
It is sought.

Your hot sigh tells me
what I want to know.
Yet my mind is still plunged in doubt.
There is no one to be seen
worthy to be sought by you.
How will the one you seek
be hard to obtain?

Aho sthiraḥ ko 'pi tav' ēpsito yuvā
cirāya karṇ'|ôtpala|śūnyatāṃ gate
upekṣate yaḥ ślatha|bandha|lambinīr
jaṭāḥ kapole kalam'|âgra|piṅgalāḥ.

Muni|vratais tvām ati|mātra|karśitāṃ
divākar'|āpluṣṭa|vibhūṣaṇ'|āspadām
śaś'|âṅka|lekhām iva paśyato divā
sa|cetasaḥ kasya mano na dīryate?

Avaimi saubhāgya|madena vañcitaṃ
tava priyaṃ yaś catur'|âvalokinaḥ
karoti lakṣyaṃ sthiram asya cakṣuṣo na
vaktram ātmīyam arāla|pakṣmaṇaḥ.

Oh, how stern must be
the young man you desire!
He looks with indifference
at the matted locks,
tawny as tips of paddy,
loosely bound,
hanging over your cheek
long bereft
of a lotus from your ear.

What sensitive person
would not be heartbroken to see you,
like the moon's disk in daytime,
excessively thin
through your vows as an ascetic,
burned by the sun on the places
your ornaments used to cover?

I believe your beloved deceived
by pride in his own good looks,
since he doesn't constantly
present his own face
to the view of your eyes,
with their curving lashes
and charming glances.

5.50 Kiyac ciraṃ śrāmyasi Gauri! vidyate,
mam' âpi pūrv'|āśrama|saṃcitaṃ tapaḥ
tad|ardha|bhāgena labhasva kāṅkṣitaṃ
varaṃ. tam icchāmi ca sādhu veditum.»

Iti praviśy' âbhihitā dvi|janmanā
mano|gataṃ sā na śaśāka śaṃsitum.
ath' ô vayasyāṃ paripārśva|vartinīṃ
vivartit'|ân|añjana|netram aikṣata.

Sakhī tadīyā nijagāda varṇinaṃ
«nibodha sādho! tava cet kutūhalam
yad|artham ambho|jam iv' ôṣṇa|vāraṇaṃ
kṛtaṃ tapaḥ|sādhanam etayā vapuḥ

Gauri, how long 5.50
will you practice asceticism?
I too have ascetic power,
built up in my first stage of life.
With a half share of that,
get the husband you're longing for.
But I do desire to know him well."

Thus addressed by the twice-born man
who'd divined what was in her mind,
she was not able to speak of it.
But her eyes, bereft of collyrium,
could move,
and she looked to her friend
who stood beside her.

That friend said to the ascetic,
"Good sir, if you're curious
as to the purpose for which
she has made her body
a means to ascetic power
like a lotus used to ward off
the heat of the sun,
know that

Iyaṃ kil' Êndra|prabhṛtīn adhiśriyaś
catur|dig|īśān avamanya māninī
a|rūpa|hāryaṃ Madanasya nigrahāt
Pināka|pāṇiṃ patim āptum icchati.

A|sahya|huṃ|kāra|nivartitaḥ purā
Pur'|ârim a|prāpta|mukhaḥ śilī|mukhaḥ
imāṃ hṛdi vyāyata|pātam akṣiṇod
viśīrṇa|mūrter api Puṣpa|dhanvanaḥ.

5.55 Tadā|prabhṛty unmadanā pitur gṛhe
lalāṭikā|candana|dhūsar'|âlakā
na jātu bālā labhate sma nirvṛtiṃ
tuṣāra|saṃghāta|śilā|taleṣv api.

This proud lady, disdaining
the lords of the quarters,
Indra and the others,
glorious though they are,
wishes to win for her husband
Shiva who holds the Pináka bow,
who is not to be won over by beauty
since his destruction of Exhilarating Love.

Though Flower-bowed Love's
bodily form was destroyed
and his arrow was turned back
by the unbearable roar
from the Foe of the Demons' Cities
without achieving its aim,
it wounded this woman
in the heart,
penetrating deeply.

From that time on, passionately in love, 5.55
the young woman found no respite
in her father's house,
even on thick slabs of ice,
her tresses gray from
the sandalwood on her forehead.

Upātta|varṇe carite Pinākinaḥ
sa|bāṣpa|kaṇṭha|skhalitaiḥ padair iyam
an|ekaśaḥ kiṃnara|rāja|kanyakā
van'|ânta|saṃgīta|sakhīr arodayat.

Tri|bhāga|śeṣāsu niśāsu ca kṣaṇaṃ
nimīlya netre sahasā vyabudhyata
‹kva Nīla|kaṇṭha! vrajas' îty?› a|lakṣya|vāg
a|satya|kaṇṭh'|ârpita|bāhu|bandhanā.

‹Yadā budhaiḥ sarva|gatas tvam ucyase
na vetsi bhāva|stham imaṃ janam katham?›
iti sva|hast'|ālikhitaś ca mugdhayā
rahasy upālabhyata Candra|śekharaḥ.

Yadā ca tasy' âdhigame Jagat|pater
apaśyad anyaṃ na vidhiṃ vicinvatī
tadā sah' âsmābhir anujñayā guror
iyaṃ prapannā tapase tapo|vanam.

The deeds of the Bearer of the Pináka bow
their theme, many a time
she made the *kim·nara* princesses,
companions in her woodland singing,
weep with her,
as she burst into tears
and the words choked in her throat.

And when only the third part
of the night remained
she'd close her eyes for a moment
only to suddenly wake again:
murmuring indistinctly,
'Where are you going, Blue-necked Shiva?,'
her arms embracing a nonexistent neck.

And the silly girl
privately reproached Moon-crested Shiva,
after she'd drawn him with her own hand:
'When the wise say you're Omnipresent,
how come you don't know
how this person feels?'

And when, search as she might,
she saw no other way
to win over the Lord of the World,
then, with her father's permission
and in our company,
she resorted to this grove of ascetic power
in order to achieve ascetic powers.

5.60 Drumeṣu sakhyā kṛta|janmasu svayaṃ
phalaṃ tapaḥ|sākṣiṣu baddham eṣv api
na ca praroh'|âbhimukho 'pi dṛśyate
manoratho 'syāḥ Śaśi|mauli|saṃśrayaḥ.

Na vedmi sa prārthita|durlabhaḥ kadā
sakhībhir asr'|ôttaram īkṣitām imām
tapaḥ|kṛśām abhyavapatsyate sakhīṃ
Vṛṣ" êva Sītāṃ tad|avagraha|kṣatām.»

A|gūḍha|sad|bhāvam it' îṅgita|jñayā
nivedito naiṣṭhika|sundaras tayā
«ap' îdam evaṃ parihāsa ity?» Umām
apṛcchad a|vyañjita|harṣa|lakṣaṇaḥ.

Ath' âgra|haste mukulī|kṛt'|âṅgulau
samarpayantī sphaṭik'|âkṣa|maṇḍalam
kathañcid adres tanayā mit'|âkṣaraṃ
cira|vyavasthāpita|vāg abhāṣata.

The trees our friend planted, 5.60
witnesses of her practice of asceticism,
have born fruit,
but of her wish
regarding Moon-crested Shiva,
not a suspicion of a shoot has been seen.

He's sought but hard to find,
and I don't know when
he will favor our friend
as Indra the bull favored Sita,
the furrow of the field,
when she was distressed by drought.
We, her friends, have tears in our eyes
watching her waste away
in her penance."

Her perceptive friend
revealed her noble intention
and, thus informed,
the handsome ascetic asked Uma,
"Is this true or a joke?,"
not revealing any sign of his joy.

Then, putting away the circle
of her crystal rosary,
enfolding it
in her fingertips,
the mountain's daughter,
taking a while to find her voice,
measuring her words
managed to speak.

«Yathā śrutaṃ veda|vidāṃ vara! tvayā
jano 'yam uccaiḥ|pada|laṅghan'|ôtsukaḥ.
tapaḥ kil' êdaṃ tad|avāpti|sādhanaṃ
manorathānām a|gatir na vidyate.»

5.65 Ath' āha varṇī «vidito ‹Mah"|ēśvaras›
tad|arthinī tvaṃ punar eva vartase!
a|maṅgal'|âbhyāsa|rataṃ vicintya taṃ
tav' ânuvṛttiṃ na ca kartum utsahe.

A|vastu|nirbandha|pare! kathaṃ nu te
karo 'yam ābaddha|vivāha|kautukaḥ
bhujena ‹Śambhor› valayī|kṛt'|âhinā
sahiṣyate tat|pratham'|âvalambanam?

Tvam eva tāvat paricintaya svayaṃ
kadācid ete yadi yogam arhataḥ
vadhū|dukūlaṃ ca sa|haṃsa|lakṣaṇaṃ
gaj'|âjinaṃ śoṇita|bindu|varṣi ca.

"O best of those who know the Vedas,
as you've heard, I'm a person eager
to leap to the highest place.
This asceticism of mine
is the means to get there.
Wishes know no limit."

Then the brahman student said, 5.65
"'Great Lord' Shiva's notorious,
yet you carry on desiring him!
When I consider how he takes pleasure
in inauspicious practices,
I cannot approve your choice.

My lady, you're intent
on securing what is worthless!
How will this hand of yours,
when the marriage string's tied on,
bear to rest for the first time
on 'Peaceful' Shiva's arm
braceleted by a coiled snake?

Just work it out for yourself,
whether these two could ever
be worthy of union:
the bride's fine linen robe
adorned with geese
and the elephant's hide
dripping blood.

Catuṣka|puṣpa|prakar'|âvakīrṇayoḥ
paro 'pi ko nāma tav' ânumaṃsyate
alaktak'|âṅkāni padāni pādayor
vikīrṇa|keś'|âsthi|pareta|bhūmiṣu?

Ayukta|rūpaṃ kim ataḥ paraṃ vada
Tri|netra|vakṣaḥ|su|labhaṃ tavāpi yat
stana|dvaye 'smin hari|candan'|āspade
padaṃ citā|bhasma|rajaḥ kariṣyati?

5.70 Iyaṃ ca te 'nyā purato viḍambanā
yad ūḍhayā vāraṇa|rāja|hāryayā
vilokya vṛddh'|ôkṣam adhiṣṭhitaṃ tvayā
mahā|janaḥ smera|mukho bhaviṣyati.

Dvayaṃ gataṃ saṃprati śocanīyatāṃ
samāgama|prārthanayā Kapālinaḥ
kalā ca sā kāntimatī kalāvatas
tvam asya lokasya ca netra|kaumudī.

Your feet are used to stepping
through flower-strewn pavilions—
would even an enemy allow
them to make their marks of red lac
in burning grounds littered
with hair and bones of the dead?

Tell me what's more unfitting than this—
that dust of ash from funeral pyres,
all too familiar
to the chest of Three-eyed Shiva,
is going to settle on your breasts
where yellow sandal paste
has its rightful place?

And this is another humiliation 5.70
you'll have to face—
when you're married
and ready to ride on a royal elephant,
the populace will laugh
to see you mounted on the old bull.

Now there're two things to grieve for
because they seek union
with the Skull-bearer:
both the lovely crescent of the moon
and yourself, moonlight
for the eyes of the world.

Vapur virūp'|âkṣam a|lakṣya|janmatā
dig|ambaratvena niveditaṃ vasu
vareṣu yad bāla|mṛg'|âkṣi mṛgyate
tad asti kiṃ vyastam api Trilocane?

Nivartay' âsmād a|samīkṣitān manaḥ.
kva tad|vidhas tvaṃ kva ca puṇya|lakṣaṇā
apekṣate sādhu|jano na vaidikīm
śmaśāna|śūlasya hi yūpa|satkriyām.»

Iti dvi|jātau pratikūla|vādini
pravepamān'|âdhara|lakṣya|kopayā
vikuñcita|bhrū|latam āhite tayā
vilocane tiryag upānta|lohite.

His body has a deformed eye,
his birth's obscure,
his nakedness shows his wealth.
O fawn-eyed lady,
does Three-eyed Shiva
in any way have
what is looked for in bridegrooms?

Turn your mind
from this ill-considered thing.
How great the difference
between one like him
and you with your auspicious marks.
Good people certainly don't think
the cemetery's impaling stake
deserves the rite of veneration
the Vedic sacrificial post receives."

While the brahman was saying
these unpleasant things,
she looked at him sideways,
the corners of her eyes bloodshot,
her creeper-like brows contracted,
her anger visible too
in her trembling lower lip.

5.75 Uvāca c' âinaṃ «param'|ârthato Haraṃ
na vetsi nūnaṃ yata evam āttha mām.
a|loka|sāmānyam a|cintya|hetukaṃ
dviṣanti mandāś caritaṃ mah'|ātmanām.

Vipat|pratīkāra|pareṇa maṅgalaṃ
niṣevyate bhūti|samutsukena vā.
Jagac|charaṇyasya nir|āśiṣaḥ sataḥ
kim ebhir āś"|ôpahat'|ātma|vṛttibhiḥ?

A|kiñ|canaḥ san prabhavaḥ sa saṃpadāṃ
sa loka|nāthaḥ pitṛ|sadma|gocaraḥ
sa bhīma|rūpaḥ 'Śiva ity' udīryate.
na santi yāth"|ârthya|vidaḥ pinākinaḥ.

And she said to him, "For sure 5.75
you don't really know
Shiva the Destroyer,
since you speak thus to me.
Dull people hate the deeds
of the great-souled,
different from those of the world,
incomprehensible in motive.

The person intent
on warding off misfortune
or eager for wealth
seeks the auspicious.
What has this behavior
of the disappointed to do
with the Protector of the world,
who has no wishes?

Possessing nothing
and the source of all wealth,
lord of the world
and denizen of the abode of the dead,
dreadful in form he's called 'Gentle' Shiva.
No one knows
the Bearer of the Pináka bow
as he truly is.

Vibhūṣaṇ'|ôdbhāsi pinaddha|bhogi vā
gaj'|âjin'|ālambi dukūla|dhāri vā
kapāli vā syād atha v" êndu|śekharaṃ
na Viśva|mūrter avadhāryate vapuḥ.

Tad|aṅga|saṃsparśam avāpya kalpate
dhruvaṃ citā|bhasma|rajo viśuddhaye
tathā hi nṛty'|âbhinaya|kriyā|cyutaṃ
vilupyate maulibhir ambar'|âukasām.

5.80 Asaṃpadas tasya Vṛṣeṇa gacchataḥ
prabhinna|dig|vāraṇa|vāhano vṛṣā
karoti pādāv upagamya maulinā
vi|nidra|mandāra|rajo|'ruṇ'|âṅgulī.

Gleaming with ornaments
or wrapped in snakes,
draped in elephant hide
or wearing silks,
with either a skull
or the crest of the moon,
the body of Shiva,
whose form is the universe,
is not to be defined.

It's certainly true
that by touching his body
the powdered ash from funeral pyres
becomes sanctifying,
for when it falls
in his performance
of the expressive movements
of his dance
the gods in heaven
anoint their crowns with it.

He's no money, he rides on a bull, 5.80
but bull-like Indra, whose mount
is the rutting elephant of the east,
dismounts before him
and reddens his toes with the pollen
from the coral tree flowers
blooming on his crown.

Vivakṣatā doṣam api cyut'|ātmanā
tvay" âikam Īśaṃ prati sādhu bhāṣitam.
yam āmananty Ātma|bhuvo 'pi kāraṇaṃ
kathaṃ sa lakṣya|prabhavo bhaviṣyati?

Alaṃ vivādena. yathā śrutas tvayā
tathā|vidhas tāvad aśeṣam astu saḥ.
mam' âtra bhāv'|âika|rasaṃ manaḥ sthitaṃ.
na kāma|vṛttir vacanīyam īkṣate.

Nivāryatām āli kim apy ayaṃ baṭuḥ
punar vivakṣuḥ sphurit'|ôttar'|âdharaḥ.
na kevalaṃ yo mahato 'pabhāṣate
śṛṇoti tasmād api yaḥ sa pāpa|bhāk.

Though you wished to find fault,
depraved as you are,
one thing you said about the Lord
was well said.
He whom they honor
as cause of Self-born Brahma,
how can his origin be determined?

We've argued enough.
He may be just as you've heard said.
On him my heart is set,
its single essence
the emotion of love.
One whose every action
is governed by love
pays no attention to criticism.

My friend, stop this boy
who wants to say
something more,
his upper lip in motion.
Not only someone
who speaks ill of the great,
but whoever listens to him
is sinful.

Ito gamiṣyāmy athav" êti» vādinī
cacāla bālā stana|bhinna|valkalā.
sva|rūpam āsthāya ca tāṃ kṛta|smitaḥ
samālalambe Vṛṣa|rāja|ketanaḥ.

5.85 Taṃ vīkṣya vepathumatī sa|ras'|âṅga|yaṣṭir
nikṣepaṇāya padam uddhṛtam udvahantī
mārg'|âcala|vyatikar'|ākulit" êva sindhuḥ
śail'|âdhirāja|tanayā na yayau na tasthau.

«Adya prabhṛty avanat'|âṅgi tav' âsmi dāsaḥ
krītas tapobhir iti» vādini Candra|maulau
ahnāya sā niyama|jaṃ klamam utsasarja
kleśaḥ phalena hi punar navatāṃ vidhatte.

Or rather, I'll go away,"
and so saying, the young woman
started off,
her breasts straining
against the bark she wore.
But Shiva whose banner is the king of bulls
assumed his own form
and smiling drew her to him.

On seeing him, 5.85
the daughter of the mountain king,
trembling,
her slender body wet with sweat,
holding in the air the foot
she'd raised to put on the ground,
like a river troubled
by a boulder impeding its course,
neither went nor stayed.

"From today, my stooping lady,
I am your slave,
purchased by your austerities."
When Moon-crested Shiva said this,
she at once cast off
the weariness of her exertions,
for with the fruit
exhaustion turns into freshness.

CANTO 6
BETROTHAL

Atha Viśv'|ātmane Gaurī
saṃdideśa mithaḥ sakhīm
«dātā me bhū|bhṛtāṃ nāthaḥ
pramāṇī|kriyatām iti.»

Tayā vyāhṛta|saṃdeśā
sā babhau nibhṛtā priye
cūta|yaṣṭir iv' ābhyāse
Madhau para|bhṛtā|mukhī.

Sa «tath" êti» pratijñāya
visṛjya katham apy Umām
ṛṣīñ jyotir|gṛhān Sapta
sasmāra Smara|śāsanaḥ.

Te prabhā|maṇḍalair vyoma
dyotayantas tapo|dhanāḥ
s'|Ârundhatīkāḥ sa|padi
prādur āsan puraḥ Prabhoḥ.

6.5 Āplutās tīra|mandāra|
kusum'|ôtkira|vīciṣu
Ākāśa|gaṅgā|srotaḥsu
diṅ|nāga|mada|gandhiṣu.

THEN GAURI, ALONE WITH HER FRIEND,
sent her with this message
to Shiva the Universal Self:
"The lord of mountains
gives me in marriage.
You must recognize his authority."

While her message
was being delivered by her friend,
she, intent on her beloved,
shone like a mango bough
when Spring is nigh,
giving voice through a cuckoo.

Promising "It will be so"
and somehow sending Uma away,
the Destroyer of Love
remembered the Seven Sages
whose houses are stars.

They, along with Arúndhati,
rich in ascetic power,
lighting up the sky
with the radiance that encircled them,
at once appeared before the Lord.

They'd bathed in the Celestial Ganga's waters 6.5
scented by the quarters' elephants' must,
where the waves are strewn with flowers
from the *mandára* trees on its banks.

Muktā|yajñ'|ôpavītāni
bibhrato hema|valkalāḥ
ratn'|âkṣa|sūtrāḥ pravrajyāṃ
kalpa|vṛkṣā iv' āśritāḥ.

Adhaḥ|prasthāpit'|âśvena
samāvarjita|ketunā
sahasra|raśminā śaśvat
sa|praṇāmam udīkṣitāḥ.

Āsakta|bāhu|latayā
sārdham uddhṛtayā bhuvā
mahā|Varāha|daṃṣṭrāyāṃ
viśrāntāḥ pralay'|āpadi.

Sarga|śeṣa|praṇayanād
Viśva|yoner an|antaram
purātanāḥ purā|vidbhir
dhātāra iti kīrtitāḥ.

6.10 Prāktanānāṃ viśuddhānāṃ
paripākam upeyuṣām
tapasām upabhuñjānāḥ
phalāny api tapasvinaḥ.

Wearing sacred threads strung with pearls,
their birch-bark garments edged with gold,
their rosaries made of gems,
they were like wishing trees
who'd taken up the wandering life.

Ever driving his horses beneath them
and dipping his banner,
the thousand-rayed sun
would look up at them and bow.

During the disaster
of the dissolution of the universe
they rested on the tusk
of the great Boar Vishnu
along with the earth
as she was lifted up,
clinging with her creeper-like arms.

Because they finished
the remaining work of creation
after Brahma, Source of the universe,
the wise men of old
sang their praises
as the ancient creators.

Though their pure asceticism 6.10
of previous lives had matured
and they were enjoying the fruits,
yet they remained ascetics.

Teṣāṃ madhya|gatā sādhvī
patyuḥ pād'|ârpit'|ēkṣaṇā
sākṣād iva tapaḥ|siddhir
babhāse bahv Arundhatī.

Tām a|gaurava|bhedena
munīṃś c' âpaśyad Īśvaraḥ.
strī pumān ity an|āsth" âiṣā
vṛttaṃ hi mahitaṃ satām.

Tad|darśanād abhūc Chambhor
bhūyān dār'|ârtham ādaraḥ.
kriyāṇāṃ khalu dharmyāṇāṃ
sat|patnyo mūla|sādhanam.

Dharmeṇ' âpi padaṃ Śarve
kārite Pārvatīṃ prati
pūrv'|âparādha|bhītasya
Kāmasy' ôcchvasitaṃ manaḥ.

6.15 Atha te munayaḥ sarve
mānayitvā Jagad|gurum
idam ūcur an|ūcānāḥ
prīti|kaṇṭakita|tvacaḥ:

In their midst, Arúndhati,
the faithful wife,
her eyes on her husband's feet,
like success of asceticism in person,
greatly shone.

Lord Shiva looked on her and the sages
without distinction of respect.
No matter whether woman or man,
it is how one behaves
that is honored by the good.

At the sight of Arúndhati,
Peaceful Shiva's respect for a wife
became greater.
Good wives, they say,
are the primary means
of religious rituals.

When Shiva who kills with arrows
followed his religious duty
toward Párvati,
Kama, still fearful
from his previous offense,
breathed a sigh of relief.

Then all those sages learned in the Veda 6.15
honored the Guru of the Universe
and, their skins prickling with joy,
said this to him:

«Yad brahma samyag āmnātaṃ
yad agnau vidhinā hutam
yac ca taptaṃ tapas tasya
vipakvaṃ phalam adya naḥ.

Yad Adhyakṣeṇa jagatāṃ
vayam āropitās tvayā
manorathasy' âpy a|pathaṃ
mano|viṣayam ātmanaḥ.

Yasya cetasi vartethāḥ
sa tāvat kṛtināṃ varaḥ
kiṃ punar brahma|yoner yas
tava cetasi vartate?

Satyam arkāc ca somāc ca
param adhyāsmahe padam
adya t' ûccaistaraṃ tasmāt
smaraṇ'|ânugrahāt tava.

6.20 Tvat|saṃbhāvitam ātmānaṃ
bahu manyāmahe vayam.
prāyaḥ pratyayam ādhatte
sva|guṇeṣ' ûttam'|ādaraḥ.

"That we have properly studied
holy knowledge,
that we have made oblation
into fire in the prescribed way,
and that we have practiced austerity
gives us today ripened fruit.

That you, Overseer of all worlds,
have put us within the scope
of your attention
is beyond our wish.

The person in whose mind
you are present
is the best of the blessed.
How much more
one present in the mind
of you, the origin of the Vedas?

True it is that we occupy
a place higher
than the sun and the moon,
but today it's far higher,
thanks to your kindness
in remembering us.

Honored by you, 6.20
we think highly of ourselves.
The respect of one's superiors
generally gives confidence
in one's own merits.

Yā naḥ prītir Virūp'|âkṣa!
tvad|anudhyāna|saṃbhavā
sā kim āvedyate tubhyam?
antar'|ātm" âsi dehinām.

Sākṣād dṛṣṭo 'si na punar
vidmas tvāṃ vayam añjasā.
prasīda. kathay' ātmānaṃ.
na dhiyāṃ pathi vartase.

Kiṃ yena sṛjasi vyaktam
uta yena bibharṣi tat
āho yas tasya saṃhartā
bhāgaḥ katama eṣa te?

Athavā sumahaty eṣā
prārthanā deva tiṣṭhatu.
cintit'|ôpasthitāṃs tāvac
chādhi naḥ karavāma kim?»

6.25 Atha mauli|gatasy' êndor
viśadair daśan'|âṃśubhiḥ
upacinvan prabhāṃ tanvīṃ
pratyāha Param'|ēśvaraḥ.

«Viditaṃ vo yathā sv'|ârthā
na me kāścit pravṛttayaḥ.
nanu mūrtibhir aṣṭābhir
itthaṃbhūto 'smi sūcitaḥ?

O Three-eyed Shiva, what need
to inform you of our delight
at your thinking of us?
You are the inner self
of all living creatures.

You are clearly visible
and yet we do not know you truly.
Be gracious. Reveal yourself.
You're not within our minds' range.

What form of you is this?
The one by which you create
the manifest universe?
Or the one by which you support it?
Or, indeed, the one that destroys it?

But, your majesty! never mind
this too great question.
We've presented ourselves
as soon as you thought of us.
Command us.
What shall we do?"

Then the Supreme Lord replied, 6.25
heightening the slender radiance
of the moon on his crest
with the bright rays of his teeth.

"You know how none of my
activities are for myself.
Surely it's well known how
I'm manifest in my eight forms?

So 'haṃ tṛṣṇ"|āturair vṛṣṭiṃ
vidyutvān iva cātakaiḥ
ari|viprakṛtair devaiḥ
prasūtiṃ prati yācitaḥ.

Ata āhartum icchāmi
Pārvatīm ātma|janmane
utpattaye havir|bhoktur
yajamāna iv' âraṇim.

Tām asmad|arthe yuṣmābhir
yācitavyo Him'|ālayaḥ.
vikriyāyai na kalpante
saṃbandhāḥ sad|anuṣṭhitāḥ.

6.30 Unnatena sthitimatā
dhuram udvahatā bhuvaḥ
tena yojita|saṃbandhaṃ
vitta mām apy a|vañcitam.

Evaṃ vācyaḥ sa kany"|ârtham
iti vo n' ôpadiśyate
bhavat|praṇītam ācāram
āmananti hi sādhavaḥ.

Like the lightning cloud
besought for rain
by *chátaka* birds
oppressed by thirst,
I who am the Self
am besought by the gods,
oppressed by their enemy,
to sire a son.

Hence I wish to take Párvati
as my wife for the birth
of myself in the form of a son,
as the giver of a sacrifice
takes the socket for the kindling stick
to generate the fire
that will consume the oblations.

You must ask Himálaya
for her on my behalf.
Connections arranged by the good
do not turn out badly.

Lofty, staunch, lifting up 6.30
the burden of the earth—
know that even I won't be humbled
in being related in marriage to him.

You don't need to be taught
how he should be addressed
in asking for his daughter,
for the good honor
the mode of behavior you've established.

Āry" âpy Arundhatī tatra
vyāpāraṃ kartum arhati.
prāyeṇ' âivaṃ|vidhe kārye
purandhrīṇāṃ pragalbhatā.

Tat prayāt'|Âuṣadhi|prasthaṃ
siddhaye Himavat|puram.
Mahā|kośe prapāte 'smin
saṃgamaḥ punar eva naḥ.»

Tasmin saṃyaminām ādye
jāte pariṇay'|ôtsuke
jahuḥ parigraha|vrīḍāṃ
Prājāpatyās tapasvinaḥ.

6.35 Tataḥ paramam ity uktvā
pratasthe muni|maṇḍalam
bhagavān api saṃprāptaḥ
pratham'|ôddiṣṭam āspadam.

Ta ākāśam asi|śyāmam
utpatya parama|rṣayaḥ
āsedur Oṣadhi|prasthaṃ
manasā sama|raṃhasaḥ.

In this the noble lady Arúndhati
will also do well to play a part.
In matters of this sort
mature women generally
have the necessary skill.

Proceed therefore to Óshadhi·prastha,
Himálaya's city,
to accomplish your mission.
We will meet again
at this Maha·kosha waterfall."

Since the foremost of ascetics
was eager for marriage,
the ascetics, sons of Brahma
the Father of Progeny,
abandoned their shame
at being married themselves.

Then, having expressed their complete assent, 6.35
the circle of sages set forth
while the blessed Lord went
to the place he'd just designated.

And they, the supreme sages,
flying up into the sword-dark sky,
made their way to Óshadhi·prastha,
speeding as fast as thought.

Alakām ativāhy' êva
vasatiṃ vasu|saṃpadām
svarg'|âbhiṣyanda|vamanaṃ
kṛtv" êva viniveśitam.

Gaṅgā|srotaḥ|parikṣipta|
vapr'|ântar|jvalit'|āuṣadhi
bṛhan|maṇi|śilā|śālaṃ
guptāv api mano|haram.

Jita|siṃha|bhayā nāgā
yatr' âśvā Bila|yonayaḥ
yakṣāḥ kiṃ|puruṣāḥ paurā
yoṣito vana|devatāḥ.

6.40 Śikhar'|āsakta|meghānāṃ
vyajyante yatra veśmanām
anugarjita|saṃdigdhāḥ
karaṇair muraja|svanāḥ.

Yatra kalpa|drumair eva
vilola|viṭap'|âṃśukaiḥ
gṛha|yantra|patākā|śrīr
a|paur'|ādara|nirmitā.

It was the dwelling of the fortunate wealthy
as if Himálaya had transported
Álaka, Kubéra's city;
as if he'd settled there
emigrants from overpopulated heaven.

Encircled by Ganga's stream,
it had herbs glowing on its ramparts,
great jewels the stones of its walls,
charming even in its fortifications.

There the elephants had overcome
their fear of lions,
the horses were in the line
of Bila, Indra's steed;
its citizens were *yakshas* and *kim·púrushas*,
its women were woodland fairies.

There the beat of drums from its houses— 6.40
which might have been confused
with the reverberation of thunder
from the clouds clinging to its towers—
is distinguished by hands beating time.

There the glory of flags and flagpoles
is provided without any exertion
for the citizens' houses
by the wishing trees
with garments
fluttering from their branches.

Yatra sphaṭika|harmyeṣu
naktam āpāna|bhūmiṣu
jyotiṣāṃ pratibimbāni
prāpnuvanty upakāratām.

Yatr' âuṣadhi|prakāśena
naktaṃ darśita|saṃcarāḥ
an|abhijñās tamisrāṇāṃ
dur|dine 'pi abhisārikāḥ.

Yauvan'|ântaṃ vayo yasmin
ātaṅkaḥ Kusum'|āyudhaḥ
rati|kheda|samutthānā
nidrā saṃjñā|viparyayaḥ.

6.45 Bhrū|bhedibhiḥ sa|kamp'|ōṣṭhair
lalit'|âṅguli|tarjanaiḥ
yatra kopaiḥ kṛtāḥ strīṇām
a|prasād'|ârthinaḥ priyāḥ.

Saṃtānaka|taru|cchāyā|
supta|vidyā|dhar'|âdhvagam
yasya c' ôpavanaṃ bāhyaṃ
gandhavad Gandha|mādanaḥ.

There in the crystal palaces
at night in their drinking halls
the reflections of the stars
serve as ornamental flowers.

There ladies going out
to meet their lovers,
their way made visible
even in bad weather
thanks to the lights
of the luminescent herbs,
are not aware of darkness.

There the oldest age was youth,
Flower-weaponed Love the only disease,
sleep produced by fatigue
from sexual pleasure
the only loss of consciousness.

Here women's anger 6.45
with their frowning brows,
trembling lips,
and their charmingly threatening fingers,
makes their lovers long
for return to favor.

Its outer park is fragrant Gandha·mádana,
intoxicating in its scents,
where celestial magicians
on their travels
snooze in the *santána* trees' shade.

Atha te munayo divyāḥ
prekṣya Haimavataṃ puram
svarg'|âbhisaṃdhi|sukṛtaṃ
vañcanām iva menire.

Te sadmani girer vegād
unmukha|dvāḥ|stha|vīkṣitāḥ
avaterur jaṭā|bhārair
likhit'|ânala|niścalaiḥ.

Gaganād avatīrṇā sā
yathā|vṛddha|puraḥ|sarā
toy'|ântar bhās|kar'|āl" îva
reje muni|paramparā.

6.50 Tān arghyān arghyam ādāya
dūraṃ pratyudyayau Nagaḥ
namayan sāra|gurubhiḥ
pāda|nyāsair vasundharām.

Dhātu|tāmr'|âdharaḥ prāṃśur
deva|dāru|bṛhad|bhujaḥ
prakṛty" âiva śil"|ôraskaḥ
su|vyakto Himavān iti.

Here those divine sages,
seeing Himálaya's city,
thought that doing good deeds
to gain heaven
was a deception.

Watched by the doorkeepers'
upturned faces
they swiftly descended
to the mountain's palace,
with their matted locks like painted fire
motionless due to their velocity.

That line of sages descending
from the sky in order of age
shone like a row of suns
reflected in water.

Bringing the offering of welcome, 6.50
the Mountain came a good way forward
to greet them
who were worthy of welcome,
making the treasure-bearing earth
sink under his footsteps
heavy with his weight.

Lofty,
deva·daru trees his mighty arms,
his lower lip tawny-red with minerals,
his chest in its very nature a rock,
it was very obvious he was Himálaya.

Vidhi|prayukta|satkāraiḥ
svayaṃ mārgasya daiśikaḥ
sa tair ākramayām āsa
śuddh'|ântaṃ śuddha|karmabhiḥ.

Tatra vetr'|āsan'|āsīnān
kṛt'|āsana|parigrahaḥ
ity uvāc' ēśvarān vācaḥ
prāñjalir bhūdhar'|ēśvaraḥ.

«Apa|megh'|ôdayaṃ varṣam
adṛṣṭa|kusumaṃ phalam
a|tarkit'|ôpapannaṃ vo
darśanaṃ pratibhāti me.

6.55 Mūrkhaṃ buddham iv' ātmānaṃ
haimī|bhūtam iv' āyasam
bhūmer divam iv' ārūḍhaṃ
manye bhavad|anugrahāt.

Adya prabhṛti bhūtānām
adhigamyo 'smi śuddhaye
yad adhyāsitam arhadbhis
tad dhi tīrthaṃ pracakṣate.

Avaimi pūtam ātmānaṃ
dvayen' âiva dvij'|ôttamāḥ
mūrdhni Gaṅgā|prapātena
dhauta|pād'|âmbhasā ca vaḥ.

Himself guiding the way
with honors prescribed by custom,
he led them, whose actions were pure,
into the pure inner apartments.

There, when they were seated
on cane seats,
the lord of mountains
took a seated position
and, palms joined, said
to the lords of speech:

"Seeing you is an unexpected event,
and seems to me to resemble
rain coming without clouds,
a fruit without flowers being seen.

Because of the favor you've done me 6.55
I consider myself a fool made wise,
like iron turned into gold,
like one raised up from earth to heaven.

From this day forward beings
will approach me for purification,
for the place visited by the venerable
is called a place of pilgrimage.

O best of the twice-born,
I recognize that I'm sanctified
by just two things:
by Ganga falling onto my head,
and by the water
in which you've washed your feet.

Jaṅgamaṃ praiṣya|bhāve vaḥ
sthāvaraṃ caraṇ'|âṅkitam
vibhakt'|ânugrahaṃ manye
dvairūpyam api me vapuḥ.

Bhavat|saṃbhāvan'|ôtthāya
paritoṣāya mūrcchate
api vyāpta|dig|antāni
n' âṅgāni prabhavanti me.

6.60 Na kevalaṃ darī|saṃstham
bhāsvatāṃ darśanena vaḥ
antar|gatam apāstaṃ me
rajaso 'pi paraṃ tamaḥ.

Kartavyaṃ vo na paśyāmi.
syāc cet kiṃ n' ôpapadyate?
śaṅke mat|pāvanāy' âiva
prasthānaṃ bhavatām iha.

Tath" âpi tāvat kasmiṃś cid
ājñāṃ me dātum arhatha
viniyoga|prasādā hi
kiṃ|karāḥ prabhaviṣṇuṣu.

I think that both forms of my body
have been vouchsafed your grace:
the mobile one in serving you,
the fixed one in being marked
by your feet.

Though my limbs extend
to the horizon,
they're not sufficient
for the swelling satisfaction
arising from the honor you do me.

By the sight of you, 6.60
shining as you are,
not only is the darkness in my caves
dispelled
but also the inner darkness
that underlies passion.

I don't see anything
I can do for you.
If there were,
what is not possible for you
to do for yourselves?
I think your journey here
is only for my purification.

Neverthless, you should command me
to do something,
for masters' commands
are a form of grace for their servants.

Ete vayam amī dārāḥ
kany" êyaṃ kula|jīvitam.
brūta yen' âtra vaḥ kāryam
an|āsthā bāhya|vastuṣu.»

Ity ūcivāṃs tam ev' ârthaṃ
darī|mukha|visarpiṇā
dvir eva pratiśabdena
vyājahāra Him'|ālayaḥ.

6.65 Ath' Âṅgirasam agraṇyam
udāharaṇa|vastuṣu
ṛṣayaś codayām āsuḥ
pratyuvāca sa bhū|dharam.

«Upapannam idaṃ sarvam
ataḥ param api tvayi.
manasaḥ śikharāṇāṃ ca
sadṛśī te samunnatiḥ.

Sthāne tvāṃ sthāvar'|ātmānaṃ
Viṣṇum āhus tathā hi te
car'|âcarāṇāṃ bhūtānāṃ
kukṣir ādhāratāṃ gataḥ.

Here I am, here is my wife,
and this is my daughter,
the life of my family.
Say, of whom do you have need?
My material possessions
go without saying."

When Himálaya had spoken thus,
he said the same thing
a second time
by the echoes resounding
in the mouths of his caves.

Then the sages deputed 6.65
Ángiras to speak,
he being foremost
in matters of eloquence,
and he replied to the mountain.

"All this and more than this
befits you. The loftiness
of your mind and your peaks
is the same.

Rightly do they call
your immovable form Vishnu,
for your middle
is the support for all beings,
moving and unmoving.

Gām adhāsyat kathaṃ Nāgo
mṛṇāla|sadṛśaiḥ phaṇaiḥ
ā|rasā|tala|mūlāt tvam
avālambiṣyathā na cet?

Acchinn'|âmala|saṃtānāḥ
samudr'|ōrmy|a|nivāritāḥ
punanti lokaṃ puṇyatvāt
kīrtayaḥ saritaś ca te.

6.70 Yath" âiva ślāghyate Gaṅgā
pādena Parame|ṣṭhinaḥ
prabhaveṇa dvitīyena
tath" âiv' ôcchirasā tvayā.

Tiryag ūrdhvam adhastāc ca
vyāpako mahimā Hareḥ
tri|vikram'|ôdyatasy' āsīt
sa ca svābhāvikas tava.

Yajña|bhāga|bhujāṃ madhye
padam ātasthuṣā tvayā
uccair hiraṅmayaṃ śṛṅgaṃ
Sumeror vitathī|kṛtam.

How could Śeṣa the snake
bear the earth on his hoods
resembling lotus stems,
if you did not help from your base
in the subterranean world?

In pure and unbroken streams
unimpeded by the ocean's waves,
your glory and your rivers
by their sanctity
purify the whole world.

Just as Ganga is praised for her origin 6.70
from Supreme Lord Vishnu's foot,
so too for her second origin
from your lofty summit.

Sideways, above and below
stretched the greatness
of yellow Vishnu,
when he exerted himself
to make the three steps,
but that greatness
is natural to you.

Since you've attained a place
amid the gods who share and eat
what is offered in sacrifice
you make Sumeru's lofty peak,
golden though it is, meaningless.

Kāṭhinyaṃ sthāvare kāye
bhavatā sarvam arpitam
idaṃ tu te bhakti|namraṃ
arhad|ārādhanaṃ vapuḥ.

Tad āgamana|kāryaṃ naḥ
śṛṇu kāryaṃ tav' âiva tat.
śreyasām upadeśāt tu
vayam apy aṃśa|bhāginaḥ.

6.75 Aṇim'|ādi|guṇ'|ôtthānam
a|spṛṣṭa|puruṣ'|ântaram
śabdam 'Īśvara ity' uccaiḥ
sārdha|candraṃ bibharti yaḥ,

Kalpit'|ânyonya|sāmarthyaiḥ
pṛthivy|ādibhir ātmabhiḥ
yen' êdaṃ tanyate vyaktaṃ
dhuryair yānam iv' âdhvani.

Yogino yaṃ vicinvanti
kṣetr'|âbhyantara|vartinam
an|āvṛtti|bhayaṃ yasya
padam āhur manīṣiṇaḥ.

All your hardness you have placed
in your stationary body,
but this body of yours,
honoring the worthy,
bows down in devotion.

Hear the matter that brought us here.
It is indeed your concern,
but by informing you
of your good fortune
we too have a share in it.

He who bears the crescent moon 6.75
and the high title of 'Lord'
which applies to no one else,
who is source of the eight yogic powers
of which the first
is becoming as small as an atom,

As a chariot is pulled
along the road by its steeds,
the manifest universe is extended
by his eight forms, earth and the others,
mutually reinforcing each other.

He whom yogins seek as dwelling
within the field of the body,
whose place, say the wise,
is free from the fear of rebirth,

Sa te duhitaraṃ sākṣāt
sākṣī viśvasya karmaṇaḥ
vṛṇute vara|daḥ Śambhur
asmat|saṃkramitaiḥ padaiḥ.

Tam artham iva bhāratyā
sutayā yoktum arhasi
aśocyā hi pituḥ kanyā
sad|bhartre pratipāditā.

6.80 Yāvad dvayāni bhūtāni
sthāvarāṇi carāṇi ca
mātaraṃ kalpayantv enām
Īśo hi jagataḥ pitā.

Praṇamya Śiti|kaṇṭhāya
vibudhās tad|anantaram
caraṇau rañjayantv asyāś
cūḍā|maṇi|marīcibhiḥ.

Umā vadhūr bhavān dātā
yācitāra ime vayam
varaḥ Śambhur alaṃ hy eṣa
tvat|kul'|ôdbhūtaye vidhiḥ.

Shiva the peaceful,
witness of the world's actions,
giver of what is desired,
personally seeks your daughter
by these words entrusted to us.

You will do well to unite him
with your daughter,
like meaning with speech,
for a father doesn't grieve
for a daughter
given to a good husband.

Let both sorts of living creatures, 6.80
moving and unmoving,
look upon her as mother,
for Lord Shiva is the world's father.

After the gods have bowed
to Blue-necked Shiva,
let them redden her feet
with the rays of their crest-jewels.

Uma is the bride,
you her giver in marriage,
we are here to request her hand,
the bridegroom is Shiva the peaceful.
This ceremony will suffice
to elevate your family.

A|stotuḥ stūyamānasya
vandyasy' ân|anya|vandinaḥ
sutā|saṃbandha|vidhinā
bhava viśva|guror guruḥ.»

Evaṃ|vādini deva|ṛṣau
pārśve pitur adho|mukhī
līlā|kamala|patrāṇi
gaṇayām āsa Pārvatī.

6.85 Śailaḥ saṃpūrṇa|kāmo 'pi
Menā|mukham avaikṣata
prāyeṇa gṛhiṇī|netrāḥ
kany"|ârthe hi kuṭumbinaḥ.

Mene Men" âpi tat sarvaṃ
patyuḥ kāryam samīpsitam.
bhavanty a|vyabhicāriṇyo
bhartur iṣṭe pati|vratāḥ.

«Idam atr' ôttaraṃ nyāyyam»
iti buddhyā vimṛśya saḥ
ādade vacasām ante
maṅgal'|âlaṃ|kṛtāṃ sutām.

Join your daughter in marriage
with him who is praised
but doesn't praise,
who is adored
but adores no one else,
and become the revered relation
of the Guru of the universe."

While the divine sage was speaking thus,
downfaced at her father's side
Párvati counted the petals
of the lotus she played with.

The mountain, fulfilled 6.85
though his desires were,
looked at Mena's face:
in the matter of a daughter,
householders generally
look to their wives.

And Mena consented
to everything her husband
wanted to happen.
Wives devoted to their husbands
do not stray
from what their husbands wish.

At the end of the speech,
deciding in his mind,
"In this matter this is a fitting reply,"
he took hold of his daughter,
who was auspiciously adorned,
and said:

«Ehi Śarv'|ârpaṇā vatse
bhikṣ" âsi parikalpitā
arthino munayaḥ prāptaṃ
gṛha|medhi|phalaṃ mayā.»

Etāvad uktvā tanayām
munīn āha mahī|dharaḥ
«iyaṃ namati vaḥ sarvāṃs
Tri|locana|vadhūr iti»

6.90 Īpsit'|ârtha|kriy'|ôdāraṃ
te 'bhinandya girer vacaḥ
āśīrbhir edhayām āsuḥ
puraḥ|pākābhir Ambikām.

Tāṃ praṇām'|ādara|srasta|
jāmbū|nada|vataṃsakām
aṅkam āropayām āsa
lajjamānām Arundhatī.

Tan|mātaraṃ c' âśru|mukhīṃ
duhitṛ|sneha|viklavām
varasy' ân|anya|pūrvasya
vi|śokām akarod guṇaiḥ.

"Come, my dear daughter,
you're entrusted to Shiva
whose weapons are arrows.
You're the boon he wishes for.
The sages petition on his behalf.
I've gained the fruit of a householder's life."

Saying this much to his daughter,
the mountain said to the sages,
"This woman bows to you all
as the bride of Three-eyed Shiva."

Rejoicing at the mountain's speech, 6.90
which nobly expressed the fulfillment
of their wishes,
they blessed Ámbika,
the Mother Goddess,
with benedictions soon to bear fruit.

The embarrassed girl
bowed so zealously
her golden ear ornaments
slipped out of place.
Arúndhati put her on her lap.

And Párvati's mother,
tears running down her face,
distraught in her affection
for her daughter,
Arúndhati comforted
with the virtues of the groom,
who'd married no other wife.

Vaivāhikīṃ tithiṃ pṛṣṭās
tat|kṣaṇam Hara|bandhunā
«te tryahād ūrdhvam» ākhyāya
celuś cīra|parigrahāḥ.

Te Him'|ālayam āmantrya
punaḥ prekṣya ca Śūlinam
siddhaṃ c' âsmai nivedy'|ârthaṃ
tad|visṛṣṭāḥ kham udyayuḥ.

6.95 Paśu|patir api tāny ahāni kṛcchrād
agamayad adri|sutā|samāgam|ôtkaḥ
kam aparam avaśaṃ na viprakuryur
Vibhum api taṃ yad amī spṛśanti bhāvāḥ?

When asked the date of the marriage
by Shiva the Destroyer's future kinsman,
the sages clothed in birch bark replied,
"Three days from now,"
and at once departed.

When they saw the Trident-bearer again
after making their farewells to Himálaya,
they informed him of their mission's success,
were dismissed
and flew up into the sky.

Shiva the Lord of Creatures, however, 6.95
passed those days with difficulty,
longing for union
with the mountain's daughter.
Whom else would these emotions
not make helpless,
when they impinged upon
even the Omnipresent Lord?

CANTO 7
MARRIAGE

Ath' âuṣadhīnām adhipasya vṛddhau
tithau ca Jāmitra|guṇ'|ânvitāyām
sameta|bandhur Himavān sutāyā
vivāha|dīkṣā|vidhim anvatiṣṭhat.

Vaivāhikaiḥ kautuka|saṃvidhānair
gṛhe gṛhe vyagra|purandhri|vargam
āsīt puraṃ sānumato 'nurāgād
antaḥ|puraṃ c' âika|kul'|ôpameyam.

Saṃtānak'|ākīrṇa|mahā|pathaṃ tac
cīn'|âṃśukaiḥ kalpita|ketu|mālam
bhāsā jvalat|kāñcana|toraṇānāṃ
sthān'|ântara|svarga iv' ābabhāse.

Ek" âiva satyām api putra|paṅktau
cirasya dṛṣṭ" êva mṛt'|ôtthit" êva
upoḍhā|pāṇi|grahaṇ" êti pitror
Umā viśeṣ'|ôcchvasitaṃ babhūva.

Then, when the Moon, Lord of herbs, was full,
on a day of Jámitra, the seventh lunar house,
auspicious for marriage,
gathering together his kinsfolk,
Himalaya performed the ritual purifications
for the wedding of his daughter.

With the womenfolk in every house
engrossed in festive rituals
relating to the wedding,
the mountain's women's quarters and his city
were like one family in their affection.

That city, with its main roads
strewn with wishing-tree flowers,
garlanded with flags
fashioned out of Chinese silks,
with the brightness of its gleaming
golden gateways,
shone like heaven transposed.

Her parents realizing that she
their one and only daughter
was soon to be married,
she became the breath of life for them
though they'd a line of living sons,
as if she was being seen
for the first time after a long absence,
as if she'd died and come back to life.

7.5 Aṅkād yayāv aṅkam udīrit'|āśīḥ
sā maṇḍanān maṇḍanam anvabhuṅkta
saṃbandhi|bhinno 'pi gireḥ kulasya
snehas tad|ek'|āyatanaṃ jagāma.

Maitre muhūrte śaśa|lakṣaṇena
yogaṃ gatās' ûttara|phalgunīṣu
tasyāḥ śarīre pratikarma cakrur
bandhu|striyo yāḥ pati|putra|vatyaḥ.

Sā gaura|siddh'|ârtha|niveśavadbhir
dūrvā|pravālaiḥ pratibhinna|rāgam
nirnābhi|kauśeyam upātta|bāṇam
abhyaṅga|nepathyam alaṃ|cakāra.

Babhau ca saṃparkam upetya bālā
navena dīkṣā|vidhi|sāyakena
kareṇa bhānor bahul'|âvasāne
saṃdhukṣyamāṇ" êva śaś'|âṅka|lekhā.

She went from lap to lap 7.5
as blessings were pronounced upon her,
she received ornament after ornament.
Though the affection of the mountain's family
was shared among all family members,
it became concentrated on her alone.

At the auspicious time sacred to the sun
when the twelfth lunar house
was in conjunction with the hare-marked moon,
female relatives who had husbands and sons living
began to make her body ready.

She adorned the ceremonial
application of her unguent,
with its sheen variegated
by fresh blades of *durva* grass
mingled with white mustard seeds,
the silken garment reaching her navel,
an arrow in her hand.

The maiden was resplendent
when she came into contact
with the new arrow
prescribed by the ritual,
like the digit of the hare-marked moon
being revived by the sun's ray
at the end of the dark fortnight.

Tāṃ rodhra|kalkena hṛt'|âṅga|tailām
āśyāna|kālīya|kṛt'|âṅga|rāgām
vāso vasānām abhiṣeka|yogyaṃ
nāryaś catuṣk'|âbhimukhīṃ anaiṣuḥ.

7.10 Vinyasta|vaidūrya|śile ca |tasminn
a|viddha|muktā|phala|bhakti|citre
āvarjit'|âṣṭā|pada|kumbha|toyāḥ
sa|tūryam enāṃ snapayāṃ babhūvuḥ.

Sā maṅgala|snāna|viśuddha|gātrī
gṛhīta|śubhr'|ôdgamanīya|vastrā
nirvṛtta|parjanya|jal'|âbhiṣekā
praphulla|kāśā vasu|dh" êva reje.

Tasmāt pradeśāc ca vitānavantaṃ
yuktaṃ maṇi|stambha|catuṣṭayena
pati|vratābhiḥ parigṛhya ninye
kḷpt'|āsanaṃ kautuka|vedi|madhyam.

The oil on her body
absorbed by *lodh* powder
and her body colored
with moist turmeric,
wearing the proper garment
for the ritual shower,
the women conducted her
to the four-pillared pavilion.

It was lined with slabs of lapis lazuli, 7.10
resplendent with designs
in unpierced pearl,
and in it they accomplished
her ritual bathing,
pouring water from golden pots
to the sound of music.

Her body purified by the auspicious bath,
she put on shining fresh garments
and shone like the treasure-bearing earth
after a rain shower has ceased
and the water reeds blossom.

And women devoted to their husbands
embraced her and led her from that place
to the middle of the auspicious altar
covered by a canopy supported
by four jewelled pillars
where a seat had been prepared for her.

Tāṃ prāṅ|mukhīṃ tatra niveśya tanvīṃ
kṣaṇaṃ vyalambanta puro|niṣaṇṇāḥ
bhūt'|ârtha|śobh"|āhriyamāṇa|netrāḥ
prasādhane sannihite 'pi nāryaḥ.

Dhūpena saṃtyājitam ārdra|bhāvaṃ
keś'|ântam antaḥ|kusumaṃ tadīyam
paryākṣipat kācid udāra|bandhaṃ
dūrvāvatā pāṇḍu|madhūka|dāmnā.

7.15 Āsakta|śukl'|âguru cakrur asyāḥ
sa|rocanā|patra|vibhaṅgam aṅgam
sā cakra|vāk'|âṅkita|saikatāyās
Tri|srotasaḥ kāntim atītya tasthau.

Līna|dvirephaṃ paribhūya padmaṃ
sa|megha|lekhaṃ śaśinaś ca bimbam
tad|ānana|śrīr alakaiḥ prasiddhaiś
ciccheda sādṛśya|kathā|prasaṅgam.

There, sitting down the slender maiden
to face the east,
the women paused a moment,
sitting in front of her,
their eyes drawn to her by her natural beauty,
though the ornaments were piled up,
waiting to be put on her.

Its dampness driven off by incense smoke,
one of the women filled
her hair with flowers,
and fastened it in a noble knot
with a garland of pale yellow *madhúka* flowers
mixed with *durva* grass.

After applying white aloe paste to her body 7.15
they divided it up with *go·róchana* patterns.
Thus she sat, surpassing the beauty
of the triple-streamed Ganga,
whose banks are marked by *chakra·vaka* birds.

Surpassing a *padma* lotus
with bees clinging to it
and the disk of the moon
wisped with clouds,
the beauty of her face
with her coiffured locks
cut off all attempt
at talk of comparisons.

Karṇ'|ârpito rodhra|kaṣāya|rūkṣe
go|rocanā|bheda|nitānta|gaure
tasyāḥ kapole para|bhāga|lābhād
babandha cakṣūṃṣi yava|prarohaḥ.

Rekhā|vibhaktaś ca vibhakta|gātryāḥ
kiṃ|cin|madh'|ûcchiṣṭa|vimṛṣṭa|rāgaḥ
kām apy abhikhyāṃ sphuritair apuṣyad
āsanna|lāvaṇya|phalo 'dhar'|ōṣṭhaḥ.

«Patyuḥ śiraś|candra|kalām anena
spṛś' êti» sakhyā parihāsa|pūrvam
sā rañjayantyā caraṇau kṛt'|āśīr
mālyena tāṃ nirvacanaṃ jaghāna.

Placed on her ear, the barley sprout
drew eyes to itself
since it had gained the high place
on her cheek that was roughened
with lodh powder
and excessively yellowed
with the smearing of *go·róchana.*

Her limbs were symmetrical
and her lower lip,
the visible fruit of her loveliness,
divided by a line,
its redness emphasized just a little
by beeswax,
added to its wonderful beauty
by quivering.

"Touch the moon-digit
on your husband's head
with this!" joked her friend
as she painted her feet;
feeling she'd been blessed,
she hit her with her garland
without saying a word.

7.20 Tasyāḥ su|jāt'|ôtpala|patra|kānte
prasādhikābhir nayane nirīkṣya
na cakṣuṣoḥ kānti|viśeṣa|buddhyā
kāl'|âñjanaṃ maṅgalam ity upāttam.

Sā saṃbhavadbhiḥ kusumair lat" êva
jyotirbhir udyadbhir iva triyāmā
sarid vihaṅgair iva līyamānair
āmucyamān'|ābharaṇā cakāśe.

Ātmānam ālokya ca śobhamānam
ādarśa|bimbe stimit'|āyat'|âkṣī
Har'|ôpayāna|tvaritā babhūva
strīṇāṃ priy'|āloka|phalo hi veṣaḥ.

Ath' âṅgulibhyāṃ haritālam ārdraṃ
māṅgalyam ādāya manaḥ|śilāṃ ca
karṇ'|âvasakt'|âmala|danta|patraṃ
mātā tadīyaṃ mukham unnamayya

The women who were adorning her, 7.20
seeing plainly that her eyes
had the beauty of full-grown lotus petals,
picked up the black collyrium
not with any thought
of adding beauty to her eyes,
but because, as they said,
it was auspicious.

Like a vine with its flowers coming out,
like the night when the stars come out,
like a river with birds settling on it,
so she shone when her ornaments
were being put on her.

Gazing at herself resplendent
in the mirror's disk,
her long eyes stilled,
she became impatient
for Shiva the Destroyer to come—
for women dress themselves
to be seen by their darlings.

Then her mother, lifting up her face
with the white ivory ornaments
hanging from her ears,
taking on one finger
the auspicious yellow orpiment,
still wet,
and on another finger
red arsenic,

Umā|stan'|ôdbhedam anu pravṛddho
manoratho yaḥ prathamo babhūva
tam eva Menā duhituḥ kathaṃ cid
vivāha|dīkṣā|tilakaṃ cakāra.

7.25 Babandha c' âsr'|ākula|dṛṣṭir asyāḥ
sthān'|ântare kalpita|saṃniveśam
dhātry"|âṅgulībhiḥ pratisāryamāṇam
ūrṇā|mayaṃ kautuka|hasta|sūtram.

Kṣīr'|ôda|vel" êva sa|phena|puñjā
paryāpta|candr" êva śarat|tri|yāmā
navaṃ nava|kṣauma|nivāsinī sā
bhūyo babhau darpaṇam ādadhānā.

Tām arcitābhyaḥ kula|devatābhyaḥ
kula|pratiṣṭhāṃ praṇamayya mātā
akārayat kārayitavya|dakṣā
krameṇa pāda|grahaṇaṃ satīnām.

Not without difficulty
she, Mena, made the forehead *tílaka* mark
for her daughter's marriage rite,
which had been her first wish
when Uma's breasts swelled
and had grown along with them.

And her eyes were so full of tears 7.25
she tied the woollen marriage string
on Uma's hand
in the wrong place
even while the nurse
was pushing it back with her fingers.

Like the shore of the ocean of milk
with a mass of foam,
like an autumn night
with the full moon,
dressed in new linen garments
and holding a new mirror,
she was all the more resplendent.

Her mother made her,
the perpetuation of the family,
bow down to the gods
worshipped by the family
and, expert in what was to be done,
made her touch the feet in turn
of the good ladies who were present.

«Akhaṇḍitaṃ prema labhasva patyur!»
ity ucyate tābhir Umā sma namrā
tayā tu tasy' ârddha|śarīra|lābhāt
paścāt|kṛtāḥ snigdha|jan'|āśiṣo 'pi.

Icchā|vibhūtyor anurūpam adris
tasyāḥ kṛtī kṛtyam a|śeṣayitvā
sabhyaḥ sabhāyāṃ suhṛd|āsthitāyāṃ
tasthau Vṛṣ'|âṅk'|āgamana|pratīkṣaḥ.

7.30 Tāvad varasy' âpi Kubera|śaile
tat|pūrva|pāṇi|grahaṇ'|ânurūpam
prasādhanaṃ Mātṛbhir ādṛtābhir
nyastaṃ purastāt Pura|śāsanasya.

Tad|gauravān maṅgala|maṇḍana|śrīḥ
sā paspṛśe kevalam Īśvareṇa
sva eva veṣaḥ pariṇetur iṣṭaṃ
bhāv'|ântaraṃ tasya Vibhoḥ prapede.

"May you receive unbroken love
from your husband!"
So they said to Uma
as she bowed down to them.
But by gaining half his body
she exceeded the blessings
of those who loved her.

The courtly mountain, having completed
all that had to be done for her
in a manner befitting his desires and his wealth,
satisfied, took his place in the hall
where his friends were assembled
and awaited the coming
of Shiva whose emblem is the bull.

Meanwhile, on Kubéra's mountain, 7.30
for the bridegroom Shiva,
Destroyer of the demons' cities,
the Mothers respectfully laid out
in front of him
adornments like those he'd had
for his first marriage.

Out of respect for them
that wealth of auspicious ornaments
was touched by Lord Shiva,
but not put on.
The Omnipresent Lord's own attire
changed into what is seemly
for a bridegroom.

Babhūva bhasm' âiva sit'|âṅga|rāgaḥ
kapālam ev' â|mala|śekhara|śrīḥ
upānta|bhāgeṣu ca rocan"|âṅko
gaj'|âjinasy' âiva dukūla|bhāvaḥ.

Śaṅkh'|ântara|dyoti vilocanaṃ yad
antar|niviṣṭ'|â|mala|piṅga|tāram
sānnidhya|pakṣe haritāla|mayyās
tad eva jātaṃ tilaka|kriyāyāḥ.

Yathā|pradeśaṃ bhujag'|êśvarāṇāṃ
kariṣyatām ābharaṇ'|ântaratvam
śarīra|mātraṃ vikṛtiṃ prapede
tath" âiva tasthuḥ phaṇa|ratna|śobhāḥ.

7.35 Div" âpi niṣṭhyūta|marīci|bhāsā
bālyād an|āviṣ|kṛta|lakṣaṇena
candreṇa nityaṃ pratibhinna|mauleś
cūḍā|maṇau kiṃ grahaṇaṃ Harasya.

His ashes indeed became
white unguent on his body,
the skull a sparkling crown,
the elephant hide the quality
of a silken robe
with a yellow design on its borders.

The eye shining in the center of his forehead,
with its tawny iris bright within,
itself took the place of a *tílaka* mark
made of yellow orpiment.

In the case of the great snakes,
when they transformed themselves
into ornaments,
only their bodies underwent change—
the luster of the jewels in their hoods
remained the same.

What need did Shiva the Destroyer have 7.35
for a crest-jewel?
His crest is ever set off
by the moon unadorned
by its dark spot on account of its youth,
even by day shining
with the rays it streams forth.

Ity adbhut'|âika|prabhavaḥ prabhāvāt
prasiddha|nepathya|vidher vidhātā
ātmānam āsanna|gaṇ'|ôpanīte
khaḍge niṣakta|pratimaṃ dadarśa.

Sa gopatiṃ Nandi|bhuj'|âvalambī
śārdūla|carm'|ântarit'|ôru|pṛṣṭham
tad|bhakti|saṃkṣipta|bṛhat|pramāṇam
āruhya Kailāsam iva pratasthe.

Taṃ Mātaro devam anuvrajantyaḥ
sva|vāhana|kṣobha|cal'|âvataṃsāḥ
mukhaiḥ prabhā|maṇḍala|reṇu|gauraiḥ
padm'|ākaraṃ cakrur iv' ântarikṣam.

Tāsāṃ ca paścāt kanaka|prabhāṇāṃ
Kālī kapāl'|ābharaṇā cakāse
balākinī nīla|payo|da|rājir
dūraṃ puraḥ|kṣipta|śata|hrad" êva.

Thus he, unique source of wonders,
through his might
the creator
of a full set of ceremonial dress,
looked at himself in the sword
brought him by the *ganas* there beside him.

Supported by Nandin's arm
he mounted his mighty bull,
a tigerskin hiding its broad back,
and set off,
as if on Mount Kailása
with its great mass contracted
out of devotion to him.

As the Mothers followed the God,
their earrings swinging to and fro
with the shaking of their mounts,
they made the sky seem a lotus pool
with their faces white with powder
amid the surrounding radiance
of their nimbuses.

They'd the radiance of gold;
behind them gleamed Kali
adorned with skulls
like a mass of dark blue clouds
bringing flocks of cranes,
hurling lightning flashes far ahead.

7.40 Tato gaṇaiḥ Śūla|bhṛtaḥ puro|gair
udīrito maṅgala|tūrya|ghoṣaḥ
vimāna|śṛṅgāṇy avagāhamānaḥ
śaśaṃsa sev"|âvasaraṃ surebhyaḥ.

Upādade tasya sahasra|raśmis
Tvaṣṭrā navaṃ nirmitam ātapatram
sa tad|dukūlād a|vidūra|maulir
babhau vahan Gāṅgam iva pravāham.

Mūrte ca Gaṅgā|Yamune tadānīṃ
sa|cāmare devam aseviṣātām
samudra|gā|rūpa|viparyaye 'pi
sa|haṃsa|pāte iva lakṣyamāṇe.

Tam abhyagacchat prathamo Vidhātā
Śrī|vatsa|lakṣmā Puruṣaś ca sâkṣāt
«jay' êti» vācā mahimānam asya
saṃvarddhayantau haviṣ" êva vahnim.

Then the auspicious music 7.40
played by Shiva the Trident-bearer's
gana troops, who preceded him,
resounded to the tops of the celestials' cars
and informed the gods
it was time to render homage.

The thousand-rayed sun held over him
a new parasol fashioned
by Tvashtri the divine craftsman
and he, his crest-jewel
not far from its silken surface,
shone as if he was bearing Ganga's current.

Then Ganga and Yámuna,
taking bodily form,
tended the God with yaks'-tail
fly whisks in their hands—
though changed from their riverine forms
that flow to the ocean,
they were recognizable
from those seeming flights of geese.

The primeval Creator approached him,
and likewise in visible form
Vishnu the "Man," marked
with the Shri-vatsa curl of hair,
—"Fortune's favorite"—on his chest,
augmenting his glory with the words
"May you be victorious!"
as one augments the sacrificial fire
with the butter offering.

Ek" âiva mūrtir bibhide tri|dhā sā
sāmānyam eṣāṃ pratham'|âvaratvam
Viṣṇor Haras tasya Hariḥ kadācid
Vedhās tayos tāv api Dhātur īḍyau.

7.45 Taṃ loka|pālāḥ Puru|hūta|mukhyāḥ
śrī|lakṣaṇ'|ôtsarga|vinīta|veṣāḥ
dṛṣṭi|pradāne kṛta|Nandi|saṃjñās
tad|darśitāḥ prāñjalayaḥ praṇemuḥ.

Kampena mūrdhnaḥ Śata|patra|yoniṃ
vācā Hariṃ Vṛtra|haṇaṃ smitena
āloka|mātreṇa surān aśeṣān
saṃbhāvayām āsa yathā|pradhānam.

There is just one form,
which divided three ways.
Each of them might appear first or last,
sometimes Shiva the Destroyer before Vishnu,
sometimes Yellow Vishnu before him,
the Creator having his praises
sung by them both,
or both of them by the Creator.

The world protectors with Indra at their head, 7.45
in modest dress,
their distinctive royal regalia set aside,
made themselves known to Nandin
so they could be given audience
and were ushered in by him
and each bowed low, his hands joined.

He honored them
according to their rank,
Brahma born from the hundred-petalled lotus
with a nod of his head,
Hari, Yellow Vishnu, with a word or two,
Indra, the slayer of Vritra,
with a smile,
all the other gods with just a look.

Tasmai jay'|āśīḥ sasṛje purastāt
Sapta'|ṛṣibhis tān smita|pūrvam āha
«vivāha|yajñe vitate 'tra yūyam
adhvaryavaḥ pūrva|vṛtā may" êti.»

Viśvā|vasu|prāgraharaiḥ pravīṇaiḥ
saṃgīyamāna|Tri|pur'|âvadānaḥ
adhvānam a|dhvānta|vikāra|laṅghyas
tatāra tār"|âdhipa|khaṇḍa|dhārī.

Khe khela|gāmī tam uvāha vāhaḥ
sa|śabda|cāmīkara|kiṅkiṇīkaḥ
taṭ'|âbhighātād iva lagna|paṅke
dhunvan muhuḥ prota|ghane viṣāṇe.

7.50 Sa prāpad a|prāpta|par'|âbhiyogaṃ
nag'|êndra|guptaṃ nagaraṃ muhūrtāt
puro|vilagnair Hara|dṛṣṭi|pātaiḥ
su|varṇa|sūtrair iva kṛṣyamāṇam.

When the Seven Sages,
come into his presence
and pronounced the benediction
"May you be victorious!"
he smiled and said,
"You have already been chosen
as the priests who will officiate
at the nuptial sacrifice
prepared here."

With His deeds as Destroyer
of the Triple City
being sung by eminent musicians
led by Vishva·vasu,
Shiva who wears the crescent
of the lord of the stars
proceeded on his way,
He who never succumbs
to the transformations of darkness.

His mount bore him through the sky
with playful gait,
jingling its little golden bells,
frequently tossing its horns
which pierced the clouds and so seemed
smeared with clay from butting banks.

In no time the bull reached the city 7.50
that no enemy has ever attacked,
protected as it is by the mountain lord,
seeming to be drawn up by golden wires—
Shiva the Destroyer's gaze fixed upon it.

Tasy' ôpakaṇṭhe ghana|nīla|kaṇṭhaḥ
kutūhalād unmukha|paura|dṛṣṭaḥ
sva|bāṇa|cihnād avatīrya mārgād
āsanna|bhū|pṛṣṭham iyāya Devaḥ.

Tam ṛddhimad|bandhu|jan'|âdhirūḍhair
vṛndair gajānāṃ giri|cakravartī
pratyujjagām' āgamana|pratītaḥ
praphulla|vṛkṣaiḥ kaṭakair iva svaiḥ.

Vargāv ubhau deva|mahī|dharāṇāṃ
dvāre purasy' ôdghaṭit'|âpidhāne
samīyatur dūra|visarpi|ghoṣau
bhinn'|âika|setū payasām iv' āughau.

Hrīmān abhūd bhūmi|dharo Hareṇa
trailokya|vandyena kṛta|praṇāmaḥ
pūrvaṃ mahimnā sa hi tasya dūram
āvarjitaṃ n' ātma|śiro viveda.

As the God
whose neck is dark as a cloud
descended from the aerial path
once marked out by his arrow,
the citizens looked up
and watched him in amazement,
and he landed nearby.

Informed of his arrival,
the mountain emperor
went forth to receive him
with arrays of elephants on which
his rich kinsfolk were mounted
resembling his own slopes
with their trees in full bloom.

Like two torrents becoming one
as they sweep away a dam,
their roaring spreading far,
the two parties of the gods
and the earth-supporting mountain
came together at the gateway of the city,
its doors thrown wide open.

The mountain was embarrassed
when Shiva the Destroyer,
worthy of the three worlds' praise,
bowed to him,
for he forgot that he had himself
just bowed his own head deeply
before his majestic presence.

7.55 Sa prīti|yogād vikasan|mukha|śrīr
jāmātur agre|saratām upetya
prāveśayan mandiram ṛddham enam
ā|gulpha|kīrṇ'|āpaṇa|mārga|puṣpam.

Tasmin muhūrte pura|sundarīṇām
Īśāna|saṃdarśana|lālasānām
prāsāda|mālāsu babhūvur itthaṃ
tyaktāny akāryāṇi viceṣṭitāni:

Āloka|mārgaṃ sahasā vrajantyā
kayācid udveṣṭana|vānta|mālyaḥ
bandhuṃ na saṃbhāvita eva tāvat
kareṇa ruddho 'pi na keśa|pāśaḥ.

Prasādhik"|ālambitam agra|pādam
ākṣipya kācid drava|rāgam eva
utsṛṣṭa|līlā|gatir ā|gavākṣād
alaktak'|âṅkāṃ padavīṃ tatāna.

Vilocanaṃ dakṣiṇam añjanena
saṃbhāvya tad|vañcita|vāma|netrā
tath" âiva vātāyana|saṃnikarṣaṃ
yayau śalākām aparā vahantī.

His handsome face beaming with joy 7.55
he led the way for his son-in-law,
escorting him into his prosperous city
where the market streets were strewn
ankle-deep with flowers.

At this moment in the lines of palaces
the beautiful women of the city,
eager to get a good view of Lord Shiva,
left aside other activities
and behaved in these various ways:

As one woman was rushing
to the window
her mass of hair lost its garland
and its ribbon
and she didn't think of tying it up
but held it with her hand.

One woman, snatching away
the foot her maid held,
abandoning her graceful gait,
the coloring still wet,
marked out a line in red lac
right up to the window.

Another woman, having made up
her right eye with collyrium,
her left eye deprived of it,
went right to the window
just as she was,
still holding the collyrium stick.

7.60 Jāl'|ântara|preṣita|dṛṣṭir anyā
prasthāna|bhinnāṃ na babandha nīvīm
nābhi|praviṣṭ'|ābharaṇa|prabheṇa
hastena tasthāv avalambya vāsaḥ.

Ardh'|ācitā sa|tvaram utthitāyāḥ
pade pade dur|nimite galantī
kasyāścid āsīd rasanā tadānīm
aṅguṣṭha|mūl'|ârpita|sūtra|śeṣā.

Tāsāṃ mukhair āsava|gandha|garbhair
vyāpt'|ântarāḥ sāndra|kutūhalānām
vilola|netra|bhramarair gav'|âkṣāḥ
sahasra|patr'|ābharaṇā iv' āsan.

Tāvat patākā|kulam Indu|maulir
ut|toraṇaṃ rāja|pathaṃ prapede
prāsāda|śṛṅgāṇi div" âpi kurvañ
jyotsn"|âbhiṣeka|dvi|guṇa|cchavīni.

Sending her gaze through the window grill 7.60
another woman, the knot
of her waistband undone
by her dash to the window,
did not refasten it.
There she stood,
her hand holding up her garment
and lighting up her navel
with the radiance of its rings.

When one woman got up in a rush
her girdle was only half strung,
and impeded every step she made,
flowing away as it dropped its gems—
all that remained of it was the string
she'd tied to her toe.

The women were deeply curious
and the windows—
apertures filled with their faces
reeking of wine, eyes agitated bees—
seemed ornamented
with thousand-petalled lotuses.

In the meantime Moon-crested Shiva
reached the royal high road
with its triumphal archways,
thickly bannered,
and even though it was daytime
he redoubled the luster
of the towers of the palace
by bathing them in moonlight.

Tam eka|dṛśyaṃ nayanaiḥ pibantyo
nāryo na jajñur viṣay'|ântarāṇi
tadā hi śeṣ'|êndriya|vṛttir āsāṃ
sarv'|ātmanā cakṣur iva praviṣṭā.

7.65 «Sthāne tapo duś|caram etad|artham
Aparṇayā pelavay'' âpi taptam
yā dāsyam apy asya labheta nārī
sā syāt kṛt'|ârthā kim ut' âṅka|śayyām!»

«Paras|pareṇa spṛhaṇīya|rūpaṃ
na ced idaṃ dvandvam ayojayiṣyat
asmin dvaye rūpa|vidhāna|yatnaḥ
patyuḥ prajānāṃ vitatho 'bhaviṣyat.»

«Na nūnam ārūḍha|ruṣā śarīram
anena dagdhaṃ Kusum'|āyudhasya
vrīḍād amuṃ Devam udīkṣya manye
saṃnyasta|dehaḥ svayam eva Kāmaḥ.»

Drinking him in with their eyes—
the one thing worth seeing—
the women ignored
all other sensations,
so that indeed it seemed
all their other senses
had entered their eyes
entirely.

" It is altogether fitting that Áparna, 7.65
'She who didn't even eat leaves,'
delicate though she is,
performed arduous penance
for the sake of this man.
The woman who became his slave
would be fully fulfilled.
How much more the one
who will sit in his lap!"

" Had he not united this couple,
each of whom desires the other's beauty,
the effort of Brahma the lord of creatures
in fashioning beauty in the pair of them
would be futile."

"Surely he didn't get angry
and burn up the body
of Flower-arrowed Love!
I think Kama abandoned his body
of his own accord,
through shame on seeing this God."

«Anena saṃbandham avāpya diṣṭyā
manoratha|prārthitam Īśvareṇa
mūrdhānam āli! kṣiti|dhāraṇ'|ôccam
uccaistaraṃ vakṣyati śaila|rājaḥ.»

Ity Oṣadhi|prastha|vilāsinīnāṃ
śṛṇvan kathāḥ śrotra|sukhās Tri|netraḥ
keyūra|cūrṇī|kṛta|lāja|muṣṭiṃ
Him'|ālayasy' ālayam āsasāda.

7.70 Tato 'vatīry' â|cyuta|datta|hastaḥ
śarad|ghanād dīdhitimān iv' ôkṣṇaḥ
krāntāni pūrvaṃ Kamal'|āsanena
kakṣy"|ântarāṇy Adri|pater viveśa.

Tam anvag Indra|pramukhāś ca devāḥ
Sapta|ṛṣi|pūrvāḥ parama|ṛṣayaś ca
Gaṇāś ca giry|ālayam abhyagacchan
yaśasyam ārambham iv' ôttam'|ârthāḥ.

"My dear! the king of mountains,
having by good fortune entered
into the relationship with this Lord-God
that was the object of his wishes,
will carry even higher
his lofty head that bears the earth."

Three-eyed Shiva, hearing
Oshadhi·prastha's lovely ladies'
conversation, sweet to his ears,
came to Himálaya's palace
where handfuls of parched rice
were powdered against his armlets.

There, like the bright-rayed sun 7.70
from an autumn cloud,
given a hand by Vishnu the Unfallen
he got down from his bull
and entered the inner apartments
of the mountain king,
which Brahma who sits on a lotus
had already passed through.

Just behind there arrived
at the mountain's house
the gods with Indra at their head,
and the supreme sages preceded
by the Seven Sages, and the *ganas*,
as great achievements follow
an applauded beginning.

Tatr' Ēśvaro viṣṭara|bhāg yathāvat
sa|ratnam arghyaṃ madhumac ca gavyam
nave dukūle ca nag'|ôpanīte
pratyagrahīt sarvam a|mantra|vandhyam.

Dukūla|vāsāḥ sa vadhū|samīpaṃ
ninye vinītair avarodha|rakṣaiḥ
velā|sakāśaṃ sphuṭa|phena|rājir
navair udanvān iva candra|pādaiḥ.

Tayā vivṛddh'|ānana|candra|kāntyā
praphulla|cakṣuḥ|kumudaḥ kumāryā
prasanna|cetaḥ|salilaḥ Śivo 'bhūt
saṃsṛjyamānaḥ śarad" êva lokaḥ.

7.75 Tayoḥ samāpattiṣu kātarāṇi kiṃcid
vyavasthāpita|saṃhṛtāni
hrī|yantraṇāṃ tat|kṣaṇam anvabhūvann
anyonya|lolāni vilocanāni.

There enthroned the Lord duly accepted
all the customary offerings
made to him by the mountain:
jewels, curds mixed with honey,
a pair of new silk robes,
nor were the mantras omitted.

Wearing a silken robe
he was conducted
by the well-disciplined keepers
of the inner apartments
to the presence of the bride,
like the ocean with its lines of foam
drawn to the shore
by the rays of the rising moon.

The beauty of the girl's moon-like face
grew full
and as Shiva united with her
the night-lotuses that were his eyes
opened in full bloom
and the waters of his mind became clear—
he was like the world encountering autumn.

The couple's eyes longed for each other 7.75
but experienced at that moment
the constraint of shyness:
shrinking back in chance meetings,
steadying somewhat then withdrawing.

Tasyāḥ karaṃ śaila|gur'|ûpanītaṃ
jagrāha tāmr'|âṅgulim Aṣṭa|mūrtiḥ
Umā|tanau gūḍha|tanoḥ Smarasya
tac|chaṅkinaḥ pūrvam iva praroham.

Rom'|ôdgamaḥ prādur|abhūd Umāyāḥ
svinn'|âṅguliḥ Puṅgava|ketur āsīt
vṛttis tayoḥ pāṇi|samāgamena samaṃ
vibhakt" êva Mano|bhavasya.

Prayukta|pāṇi|grahaṇaṃ yad anyad
vadhū|varaṃ puṣyati kāntim agryām
sāṃnidhya|yogād anayos tadānīṃ
kiṃ kathyate śrīr ubhayasya tasya?

Pradakṣiṇa|prakramaṇāt kṛśānor
udarciṣas tan mithunaṃ cakāse
Meror upānteṣv iva vartamānam
anyonya|saṃsaktam ahas|tri|yāmam.

7.80 Tau dampatī triḥ pariṇīya vahniṃ
kar'|âgra|saṃsparśa|nimīlit'|âkṣau
tāṃ kārayām āsa vadhūṃ purodhās
tasmin samiddh'|ârciṣi lāja|mokṣam.

Eight-formed Shiva received her hand
with its red fingers
guided to him by her father the mountain,
as if it were the first shoot of Love,
his body hidden in Uma's body
through fear of him.

Uma had goose pimples,
Bull-bannered Shiva's fingers
were sweating.
At the joining of their hands
the activity of Mind-born Love
was divided equally between them.

Since other brides and grooms
on taking the hand in marriage
reach the high point of their beauty,
what can be said
of this couple's glorious beauty
through their joint proximity at that time!

By going round the blazing fire,
keeping it to their right,
that couple shone
like day and night conjoined,
circling around Meru's slopes.

Having conducted the bride and groom 7.80
three times around the fire,
their eyes closing at the touch of their fingertips,
the priest made the wife
throw grain into the fire,
which then blazed up.

Sā lāja|dhūm'|âñjalim iṣṭa|gandhaṃ
gur'|ûpadeśād vadanaṃ ninâya
kapola|saṃsarpi|śikhaḥ sa tasyā
muhūrta|karṇ'|ôtpalatāṃ prapede.

Tad īṣad|ārdr'|âruṇa|gaṇḍa|lekham
ucchvāsi|kāl'|âñjana|rāgam akṣṇoḥ
vadhū|mukhaṃ klānta|yav'|âvataṃsam
ācāra|dhūma|grahaṇād babhūva.

Vadhūṃ dvijaḥ prāha «tav' âiṣa vatse
vahnir vivāhaṃ prati pūrva|sākṣī
Śivena bhartrā saha dharma|caryā
kāryā tvayā mukta|vicāray" êti.»

Ālocan'|ântaṃ śravaṇe vivṛtya
pītaṃ guros tad vacanaṃ Bhavānyā
nidāgha|kāl'|ôlbaṇa|tāpay" êva
Māh"|êndram ambhaḥ prathamaṃ pṛthivyā.

At the priest's command,
she brought to her face
in cupped hands the smoke
from the rice grains—
desirable odor;
and a wisp of smoke
touching her cheek
became for a moment
a lotus for her ear.

Due to the ceremony of smelling the smoke
the bride's face had the red lines
on her cheek a little dissolved,
the collyrium coloring of her eyes
spreading its black,
the barley ornamenting her ear
wilting.

The brahman priest said to the bride,
"My dear, this fire
is the witness of your marriage.
With your husband Shiva
you must follow dharma
unhesitatingly."

Bhaváni, wife of Shiva
who is Ultimate Being,
stretching her ears
to the corners of her eyes,
drank in the priest's words
as the earth suffering summer's fierce heat
the first rain from great Indra.

7.85 Dhruveṇa bhartrā Dhruva|darśanāya
prayujyamānā priya|darśanena
sā «dṛṣṭa ity» ānanam unnamayya
hrī|sanna|kaṇṭhī katham apy uvāca.

Itthaṃ vidhi|jñena puro|hitena
prayukta|pāṇi|grahaṇ'|ôpacārau
praṇematus tau pitarau prajānāṃ
padm'|āsana|sthāya Pitā|mahāya.

Vadhūr Vidhātrā pratinandyate sma
«kalyāṇi! vīra|prasavā bhaveti»
Vācaspatiḥ sann api so 'ṣṭa|mūrtāv
āśāsya|cintā|stimito babhūva.

Kḷpt'|ôpakārāṃ catur|asra|vedīṃ
tāv etya paścāt kanak'|āsana|sthau
jāyā|patī laukikam eṣitavyam
ārdr'|âkṣat'|āropaṇam anvabhūtām.

Patr'|ânta|lambair jala|bindu|bandhair
ākṛṣṭa|muktā|phala|jāla|śobham
tayor upary āyata|nāla|daṇḍam
ādhatta Lakṣmīḥ kamal'|ātapatram.

Lifting her face when her husband, 7.85
good-looking and constant,
requested her to look
at Dhruva the constant star;
"Seen," she somehow said,
her voice quavering with shyness.

When the royal priest who knew the ritual
thus had joined them in wedlock,
they both bowed down,
they the parents of all people,
before Grandfather Brahma on his lotus seat.

The bride was blessed by the Creator:
"Auspicious lady, may you give birth to a hero,"
yet though he was the Lord of Speech,
he was nonplussed as to what blessing
he could pronounce for Eight-formed Shiva.

Husband and wife, the two
made their way to the square altar,
which was suitably decorated,
and afterward, seated on golden thrones,
underwent the secular ritual
of being sprinkled with moist grain.

Lakshmi held over them both
as parasol her lotus, which took on
the beauty of clusters of pearls
with the string of water drops
on the edges of its petals,
its long stalk the supporting pole.

7.90 Dvidhā|prayuktena ca vāṅ|mayena
Sarasvatī tan mithunaṃ nunāva
saṃskāra|pūtena varaṃ vareṇyaṃ
vadhūṃ sukha|grāhya|nibandhanena.

Tau sandhiṣu vyañjita|vṛtti|bhedaṃ
ras'|ântareṣu pratibaddha|rāgam
apaśyatām apsarasāṃ muhūrtaṃ
prayogam ādyaṃ lalit'|âṅga|hāram.

Devās tad|ante Haram ūḍha|bhāryaṃ
kirīṭa|baddh'|âñjalayo nipatya
śāp'|âvasāne pratipanna|mūrter
yayācire Pañca|śarasya sevām.

Tasy' ânumene Bhagavān vimanyur
vyāpāram ātmany api sāyakānām
kāle prayuktā khalu kāla|vidbhir
vijñāpanā bhartṛṣu siddhim eti.

And Sarásvati praised that couple 7.90
in twofold language,
the excellent bridegroom
in Sanskrit, purified in its refinement,
the bride in syntax easy to understand.

They watched for a little while
the first performance of a play
put on by the heavenly nymphs,
which displayed different styles
in its scenes, with appropriate music
for the various aesthetic emotions,
with graceful dance movements.

At the end of it the gods
bowed down to Shiva the Destroyer,
the newly wed,
and raising their joined hands
as high as their crowns
besought him to accept
the service of Five-arrowed Love
who'd regained his body
now the curse was ended.

The Blessed Lord, His anger gone,
agreed to the action of Love's arrows
even upon himself,
for assuredly the request made to masters
at the right time by servants who know when that is
attains success.

Atha vibudha|gaṇāṃs tān Indu|maulir visṛjya
kṣiti|dhara|pati|kanyām ādadānaḥ kareṇa
kanaka|kalaśa|rakṣā|bhakti|śobhā|sa|nātham
kṣiti|viracita|śayyaṃ kautuk'|âgāram āgāt.

7.95 Nava|pariṇaya|lajjā|bhūṣaṇāṃ tatra Gaurīṃ
vadanam apaharantīṃ tat|kṛt'|ôtkṣepam Īśaḥ
api śayana|sakhībhyo datta|vācaṃ kathaṃcit
pramatha|mukha|vikārair hāsayām āsa gūḍham.

Then Shiva, whose crest-jewel is the moon,
sending away the hosts of gods,
took the mountain king's daughter
by the hand and went to the nuptial chamber,
which was provided with golden water jars
and beautiful auspicious designs
with a bed arranged on the ground.

There Gauri felt the shyness 7.95
that is the ornament
of the newly wedded wife,
turning away her face
even as he lifted it up;
reluctant to give her two friends
who used to sleep beside her
permission to retire.
Lord Shiva got his attendant *ganas*
to pull funny faces
and make her laugh despite herself.

CANTO 8
CONSUMMATION

Pāṇi|pīḍana|vidher an|antaraṃ
śaila|rāja|duhitur Haraṃ prati
bhāva|sādhvasa|parigrahād abhūt
kāma|dohada|sukhaṃ mano|haram.

Vyāhṛtā prativaco na saṃdadhe
gantum aicchad avalambit'|âṃśukā
sevate sma śayanaṃ parāṅ|mukhī
sā tathā 'pi rataye Pināki naḥ.

Kaitavena śayite kutūhalāt
Pārvatī pratimukhaṃ nipātitam
cakṣur unmiṣati sa|smitaṃ priye
vidyut"|êva vihatam nyamīlayat.

nābhi|deśa|nihitaḥ sa|kampayā
Śaṅkarasya rurudhe tayā karaḥ
tan|nitambam atha c' âbhavat svayaṃ
dūram ucchvasita|nīvi|bandhanam.

No sooner was the marriage ritual completed,
the mountain king's daughter experienced
the captivating happiness of being lovesick,
brought on by her combination
of love and fear in respect
of Shiva the Destroyer.

When spoken to she returned no answer.
She wanted to move away
when he held her robe.
When she was on the bed
she turned her face away.
Even so, she still delighted
Shiva bearer of the Pináka bow.

When her lover pretended to be asleep
and curiosity made Párvati
take a look at him,
he opened his eyes and smiled.
She closed her eyes
as if struck by lightning.

When Shánkara put his hand
near her navel,
she quivered and pushed it away,
and then her buttocks
of their own accord
far undid the petticoat string.

8.5 «Evam āli! nigṛhīta|sādhvasaṃ
Śaṅkaro rahasi sevyatām iti»
sā sakhībhir upadiṣṭam ākulā
n' âsmarat pramukha|vartini priye.

Apy a|vastuni kathā|pravṛttaye
praśna|tat|param An|aṅga|śāsanam
vīkṣitena parigṛhya Pārvatī
mūrdha|kampa|mayam uttaraṃ dadau.

Śūlinaḥ kara|tala|dvayena sā
saṃnirudhya nayane hṛt'|âṃśukā
tasya paśyati lalāṭa|locane
mogha|yatna|vidhurā rahasy abhūt.

Cumbaneṣv adhara|pāna|varjitaṃ
sanna|hastam a|day'|ôpagūhane
kliṣṭa|manmatham api priyaṃ Prabhor
durlabha|pratikṛtaṃ vadhū|ratam.

"Darling, put fear aside 8.5
when you're alone with Beneficent Shiva.
This is how you must serve him."
Her friends had instructed her
but she forgot,
alarmed with her lover beside her
face to face.

Shiva, the Destroyer of Bodiless Kama,
and her teacher in love,
concentrated on questioning Párvati,
to get her talking
about no matter what.
She followed him with her eyes,
but her only reply was to nod her head.

Alone with the Trident-bearer
and her clothes removed,
she covered his eyes with her palms,
but she was distressed
to find her effort in vain—
the eye in his forehead
was still looking.

In their kissing, she wouldn't let
her lower lip be drunk.
In his merciless embraces
her hands hung at her side.
Though love was painful for her
and she was lacking in response,
making love to his wife
was dear to her Lord.

Yan mukha|grahaṇam akṣat'|ādharaṃ
dattam a|vraṇa|padaṃ nakhaṃ ca yat
yad rataṃ ca sa|dayaṃ priyasya tat
Pārvatī viṣahate sma n' êtarat.

8.10 Rātri|vṛttam anuyoktum udyataṃ
sā vibhāta|samaye sakhī|janam
n' âkarod apa|kutūhalaṃ hriyā
śaṃsituṃ ca hṛdayena tatvare.

Darpaṇe ca paribhoga|darśinī
pṛṣṭhataḥ praṇayino niṣeduṣaḥ
vīkṣya bimbam anubimbam ātmanaḥ
kāni kāni na cakāra lajjayā!

Nīla|kaṇṭha|paribhukta|yauvanāṃ
tāṃ vilokya jananī samāśvasat
bhartṛ|vallabhatayā hi mānasīṃ
mātur asyati śucaṃ vadhū|janaḥ.

Taking her mouth
but not biting the lower lip
and scratching
without leaving a wound,
and lovemaking that was tender—
that Párvati could bear
and nothing else.

Out of modesty she did not satisfy 8.10
her friends' curiosity,
when in the morning
they were keen to know
what happened in the night;
but her heart
was in a hurry to tell.

And looking in the mirror
at the marks of enjoyment on her body,
she noticed beside her reflection
the reflection of her beloved
sitting behind her—
what didn't she do in her shame!

Her mother sighed for joy
when she saw that Párvati's youthful body
was being enjoyed
by Blue-necked Shiva.
Brides dispel their mother's anguish
by being their husband's
darling.

Vāsarāṇi katicit kathaṃ cana
Sthāṇunā padam akāryata priyā.
jñāta|manmatha|rasā śanaiḥ śanaiḥ
sā mumoca rati|duḥkha|śīlatām.

Sasvaje priyam uro|nipīḍitā
prārthitaṃ mukham anena n' âharat
mekhal"|âpanaya|lolatāṃ gataṃ
hastam asya śithilaṃ rurodha sā.

8.15 Hāva|sūcitam a|dṛṣṭa|vipriyaṃ
cāṭumat kṣaṇa|viyoga|kātaram
kaiścid eva divasais tadā tayoḥ
prema rūḍham itar'|êtar'|āśrayam.

Taṃ yath"|ātma|sa|dṛśaṃ varaṃ vadhūr
anvarajyata varas tath" âiva tām
sāgarād an|apagā hi Jāhnavī
so 'pi tan|mukha|ras'|âika|nirvṛtiḥ.

After a few days, with some difficulty,
Shiva the Immobile
got his beloved to advance.
Very slowly
learning the taste of love
she ceased to find sex painful.

When pressed against his chest
she put her arms around her beloved.
When he sought her mouth
she didn't turn away.
When his hand was eager
to remove her girdle,
her resistance was weak.

Then in just a few days 8.15
their love had grown
mutual,
revealed in their blandishments,
not showing anything not loving,
full of sweet words,
fearful of a moment's separation.

The wife was enamored of the husband,
who was like herself,
and likewise the husband of her.
So Ganga, Jahnu's daughter,
never flows away from the ocean,
and his unique bliss
is the liquid of her mouth.

Śiṣyatāṃ nidhuvan'|ôpadeśinaḥ
Śaṅkarasya rahasi prapannayā
śikṣitaṃ yuvati|naipuṇaṃ tayā
yat tad eva guru|dakṣiṇī|kṛtam.

Daṣṭa|muktam adhar'|ōṣṭham Ambikā
vedanā|vidhuta|hasta|pallavā
śītalena niravāpayat kṣaṇaṃ
mauli|candra|śakalena Śūlinaḥ.

Cumbanād alaka|cūrṇa|dūṣitaṃ
Śaṅkaro 'pi nayanaṃ lalāṭa|jam
ucchvasat|kamala|gandhaye dadau
Pārvatī|vadana|gandha|vāhine.

8.20 Evam indriya|sukhasya vartmanaḥ
sevanād anugṛhīta|Manmathaḥ
Śaila|rāja|bhavane sah' Ômayā
māsa|mātram avasad Vṛṣa|dhvajaḥ.

So 'numānya Himavantam Ātmabhūr
ātma|jā|viraha|duḥkha|pīḍitam
tatra tatra vijahāra saṃpatann
a|prameya|gatinā kakudmatā.

Secretly becoming the pupil of Beneficent Shiva
when he taught her how to copulate,
she taught him what a young woman is skilled in,
which indeed was her pupil's fee for her guru.

Ámbika, Mother of the Universe,
the tendrils that were her hands
trembling with the pain,
cooled in a moment her lower lip—
he'd bitten and then released—
with the moon-digit
on Shiva the Trident-bearer's crown.

And Beneficent Shiva,
when the eye on his forehead
was pained by powder from her tresses
as he kissed her,
put it to the breath of Párvati's mouth
scented like a lotus in bloom.

Thus favoring Kama by following the path 8.20
of sensual pleasure, Bull-bannered Shiva
dwelt a month with Uma
in the house of the mountain king.

He, the Self-existent, when he'd asked
Himálaya's permission—
suffering as he must the pain
of separation from his daughter—
roamed here and there
on his humpbacked bull at immeasurable speed.

Merum etya marud|āśu|vāhanaḥ
Pārvatī|stana|puraskṛtaḥ kṛtī
hema|pallava|vibhaṅga|saṃstarām
anvabhūt surata|tatparaḥ kṣapām.

Padma|nābha|valay'|âṅkit'|âśmasu
prāptavatsv amṛta|vipruṣo navāḥ
Mandarasya kaṭakeṣu c' âvasat
Pārvatī|vadana|padma|ṣaṭ|padaḥ.

Rāvaṇa|dhvanita|bhītayā tayā
kaṇṭha|sakta|dṛḍha|bāhu|bandhanaḥ
Eka|piṅgala|girau Jagad|gurur
nirviveśa viśadāḥ śaśi|prabhāḥ.

8.25 Tasya jāta|Malaya|sthalī|rater
dhūta|candana|lataḥ priyā|klamam
ācacāma sa|lavaṅga|kesaraś
cāṭu|kāra iva dakṣiṇ'|ânilaḥ.

Going to Meru on his bull
as fast the wind,
well seated with
Párvati's breasts behind him,
intent on copulation
he passed the night on a couch
of folds of golden tendrils.

And as the bee on Párvati's lotus mouth
he dwelt on Mándara's slopes
where the stones had been marked
by Lotus-navelled Vishnu's bracelets
and showered with fresh nectar.

The Guru of the world revelled
in the moon's pure white light
on Kubéra's mountain, where,
frightened by Rávana's roar,
she tightly bound his neck in her arms.

While he was taking his pleasure 8.25
on the slopes of the Málaya mountain,
the south wind, like a smooth-talking lover
with filaments of cloves in its breath,
shook the boughs of the sandal trees
and wafted away his beloved's fatigue.

Hema|tāmarasa|tāḍita|priyā
tat|kar'|âmbu|vinimīlit'|êkṣaṇā
khe vyagāhata taraṅgiṇīm Umā
mīna|paṅkti|punar|ukta|mekhalā.

Tāṃ Puloma|tanay"|âlak'|ôcitaiḥ
pārijāta|kusumaiḥ prasādhayan
Nandane ciram A|yugma|locanaḥ
sa|spṛhaṃ sura|vadhūbhir īkṣitaḥ.

Ity a|bhaumam anubhūya Śaṅkaraḥ
pārthivaṃ ca vanitā|sakhaḥ sukham
lohitāyati kadācid ātape
Gandha|mādana|giriṃ nyavartata.

Tatra kāñcana|śilā|tal'|āśrayo
netra|gamyam avalokya bhās|karam
dakṣiṇ'|êtara|bhuja|vyapāśrayām
vyājahāra saha|dharma|cāriṇīm.

Lashing her lover
with a golden lotus,
shutting her eyes
at the water from his hands,
Uma plunged into the river in the sky
and had her girdle reduplicated
by a line of fish.

In the Nándana garden
long and longingly
the heavenly nymphs watched
Three-eyed Shiva adorning her
with the *parijáta* flowers
Pulóman's daughter—Indra's wife—
used in her hair.

Thus enjoying heavenly
and terrestrial happiness
in the company of his wife,
one day
Beneficent Shiva made his way
to the Gandha·mádana mountain
when the sunshine was reddening.

Resting there on a golden slab
and looking at the sun
now bearable for the eyes,
he addressed his lawful wife,
who nestled against his left arm.

8.30 «Padma|kāntim aruṇa|tri|bhāgayoḥ
saṃkramayya tava netrayor iva
saṃkṣaye jagad iva Praj"|êśvaraḥ
saṃharaty ahar asāv ahar|patiḥ.

Śīkara|vyatikaraṃ marīcibhir
dūrayaty avanate vivasvati
indra|cāpa|pariveṣa|śūnyatāṃ
nirjharās tava pitur vrajanty amī.

Daṣṭa|tāmarasa|kesara|tyajoḥ
krandator viparivṛtta|kaṇṭhayoḥ
nighnayoḥ sarasi cakravākayor
alpam antaram an|alpatāṃ gatam.

Sthānam āhnikam apāsya dantinaḥ
sallakī|viṭapa|bhaṅga|vāsitam
ā|vibhāta|caraṇāya gṛhṇate
vāri vāri|ruha|baddha|ṣaṭ|padam.

"After seeming to transfer 8.30
the red lotus's radiance
to the bloodshot corners of your eyes,
that sun, lord of the day, destroys the day,
like the Creator the world at doomsday.

As the sun sinks
and removes its rays
from contact with the spray,
these waterfalls of your father's
are deprived
of their entourage of rainbows.

Dropping the lotus filaments
they'd bitten off,
the pair of *chakra·vaka* birds
at a loss on the lake,
the small distance between them
having become far from small,
turn their necks
and honk for each other.

Leaving their daytime grounds,
to last them till morning
the elephants take water
perfumed by pieces of *sállaki* branches,
and day-lotuses imprison the bees.

Paśya paścima|dig|anta|lambinā
nirmitaṃ mita|kathe! vivasvatā
dīrghayā pratimayā sarō|'mbhasāṃ
tāpanīyam iva setu|bandhanam.

8.35 Uttaranti vinikīrya palvalaṃ
gūḍha|paṅkam ati|vāhit'|ātapāḥ
daṃṣṭriṇo vana|varāha|yūtha|pā
daṣṭa|bhaṅgura|bis'|âṅkurā iva.

Eṣa vṛkṣa|śikhare kṛt'|āspado
jātarūpa|rasa|barha|maṇḍalaḥ
hīyamānam ahar|atyay'|ātapaṃ
pīvar'|ôru pibat' îva barhiṇaḥ.

How quiet you are!
See how as it hangs over
the western horizon,
the sun's constructed
for the waters of the lake
with its long reflection
a causeway that seems
made of gold.

The white-tusked leaders 8.35
of the herds of forest pigs
are climbing up,
leaving the pond
where they'd kept off
the heat of the day,
the mud deep enough to cover them,
looking as if they've bitten off
curving sprouts of lotus stalks.

O my lady with swelling thighs,
this peacock who's settled on the treetop,
the circle of his tail liquid gold,
seems to be drinking up
the evening twilight,
as it fades away.

Pūrva|bhāga|timira|pravṛttibhir
vyakta|paṅkam iva jātam ekataḥ
khaṃ hṛt'|ātapa|jalaṃ vivasvatā
bhāti kiñcid iva śoṣavat saraḥ.

Āvasadbhir uṭaj'|âṅganaṃ mṛgair
mūla|seka|sarasaiś ca vṛkṣakaiḥ
āśramāḥ praviśad|agni|dhenavo
bibhrati śriyam udīrit'|âgnayaḥ.

Baddha|kośam api tiṣṭhati kṣaṇaṃ
s'|âvaśeṣa|vivaraṃ kuśe|śayam
ṣaṭ|padāya vasatiṃ grahīṣyate
prīti|pūrvam iva dātum antaram.

With the spread of darkness
over the eastern quarter
the sky looks rather like
a dried-up lake,
where the mud's become exposed
on one side,
the water that is its light
taken away by the sun.

How beautiful the hermitages look,
with deer living in the courtyards
of the huts and the little trees moist
with their roots watered,
the cows coming in to give milk
for the fire sacrifice,
the fires flaring up.

The lotus, though it's closed
its flower-cup,
remains a moment
with a gap open
as if out of kindness
to offer an opportunity
for a bee still looking for a home.

8.40 Dūra|magna|parimeya|raśminā
Vāruṇī dig aruṇena bhānunā
bhāti kesaravat" êva maṇḍitā
bandhu|jīva|tilakena kanyakā.

Sāmabhiḥ saha|carāḥ sahasraśaḥ
syandan'|âśva|hṛdayaṃ|gama|svanaiḥ
bhānum agni|parikīrṇa|tejasaṃ
saṃstuvanti kiraṇ'|ôṣma|pāyinaḥ.

So 'yam ānata|śiro|dharair hayaiḥ
karṇa|cāmara|vighaṭṭit'|ēkṣaṇaiḥ
astam eti yuga|bhinna|kesaraiḥ
saṃnidhāya divasaṃ mah'|ôdadhau.

Khaṃ prasuptam iva saṃsthite ravau
tejaso mahata īdṛśī gatiḥ
tat prakāśayati yāvad utthitaṃ
mīlanāya khalu tāvatā cyutam.

The west, Váruna's quarter, 8.40
with the red sun's rays
sinking far down and separating out,
shines like a girl adorned
with a *bandhu·jiva* flower
as forehead mark,
with its filaments
sinking far down and separating out.

In their thousands the sun's followers,
living on the heat of his rays,
praise him with Sama Veda hymns—
sounds that hearten his chariot-horses—
as he diffuses his radiance into fires.

With his steeds bowing their necks,
their eyes brushed
by the chowries on their ears,
their manes furrowed
by the traces,
this fellow is off
to the Western Mountain,
having deposited the day
with the great ocean.

The sky seems asleep
now the sun has set.
Such is the way of great luster.
As much as it illuminates when risen
so much is there closing of eyes
when it's fallen.

Saṃdhyay" âpy anugataṃ raver vapur
vandyam asta|śikhare samarpitam
yena pūrvam udaye puras|kṛtā
n' ânuyāsyati kathaṃ tam āpadi?

8.45 Rakta|pīta|kapiśāḥ payo|mucāṃ
koṭayaḥ kuṭila|keśi! bhānty amūḥ
drakṣyasi tvam iti saṃdhya|velayā
vartikābhir iva sādhu|vartitāḥ.

Siṃha|kesara|saṭāsu bhū|bhṛtā
pallava|prasaviṣu drumeṣu ca
paśya dhātu|śikhareṣu c' ātmanaḥ
saṃvibhaktam iva sāṃdhyam ātapam.

Twilight too has followed
the praiseworthy body of the sun
now placed on the setting peak.
How should she not
follow him in his downfall
who previously put her
in front of himself
when he was rising?

O my curly-haired love! 8.45
these cloud edges are bright—
red, yellow and brown,
as if the twilight outlined them well
with her brushes,
aware you'd see them.

Look, the mountain seems to have
shared out the evening light
on its own behalf—
for the thick manes of its lions,
its blossoming trees
and the peaks' red ore.

Pārṣṇi|mukta|vasu|dhās tapasvinaḥ
pāvan'|âmbu|saras'|âñjali|kriyāḥ
brahma gūḍham abhisaṃdhyam ādṛtāḥ
śuddhaye vidhivido gṛṇanty amī.

Tan muhūrtam anumantum arhasi
prastutāya niyamāya mām api
tvāṃ vinoda|nipuṇaḥ sakhī|jano
valgu|vādini! vinodayiṣyati.»

Nirvibhujya daśana|cchadaṃ tato
vāci bhartur avadhīraṇā|parā
śaila|rāja|tanayā samīpa|gām
ālalāpa Vijayām a|hetukam.

8.50 Īśvaro 'pi divas'|âtyay'|ôcitaṃ
mantra|pūrvam anutasthivān vidhim
Pārvatīm a|vacanām a|sūyayā
pratyupetya punar āha sa|smitam.

To purify themselves
these zealous ascetics
who know the rites
recite in low voices
the Vedic twilight hymn,
standing with heels
raised from the ground,
their joined palms
wet from the purifying
water they'd offered.

So you should allow me too
a moment
for the holy rite I've just mentioned.
My sweet-tongued love,
your friends, skilled in distraction,
will entertain you."

Then curling her lip,
keen to show her contempt
for what her husband had said,
the daughter of the mountain king
chatted randomly
with Víjaya, who was at hand.

When the Lord too had carried out 8.50
the ritual prescribed
for the end of the day with its mantras,
and come back again to Párvati,
she would not speak in her anger.
He smiled and said:

«Muñca kopam a|nimitta|kopane!
saṃdhyayā praṇamito 'smi n' ânyayā.
kiṃ na vetsi saha|dharma|cāriṇaṃ
cakravāka|sama|vṛttim ātmanaḥ?

Nirmiteṣu pitṛṣu Svayaṃ|bhuvā
yā tanuḥ su|tanu pūrvam ujjhitā
s" êyam astam udayaṃ ca sevate
tena mānini! mam' âtra gauravam.

Tām imāṃ timira|vṛddhi|pīḍitāṃ
bhūmi|lagnam iva saṃprati sthitām
ekatas taṭa|tamāla|mālinīṃ
paśya dhātu|rasa|nimnagām iva.

Sāndhyam astam|ita|śeṣam ātapaṃ
rakta|lekham aparā bibharti dik
saṃparāya|vasu|dhā sa|śoṇitaṃ
maṇḍal'|âgram iva tiryag|ujjhitam.

"Give up your anger!
You've no cause for anger.
It is Twilight and no one else
who's made me bow down.
Don't you know your lawful husband
behaves like the *chakra·vaka* bird!

The body Self-born Brahma
abandoned long ago, my slender beauty!
after he'd created the Fathers,
attends the sun's setting and rising.
Hence, proud lady! my respect for it.

See that Twilight,
oppressed by the growth of darkness,
now lying spread out on the ground
like a river of liquid red ore
garlanded on one bank
by a line of *tamála* trees.

What was left of the evening's light
has disappeared
but the western horizon
still bears a red line,
as the field of battle
a bloody scimitar left behind.

8.55 Yāminī|divasa|sandhi|sambhave
tejasi vyavahite Su|meruṇā
etad andha|tamasaṃ nir|aṅkuśaṃ
dikṣu dīrgha|nayane! vijṛmbhate.

N' ôrdhvam īkṣaṇa|gatir na c' âpy adho
n' âbhito na purato na pṛṣṭhataḥ
loka eṣa timir'|ôlba|veṣṭito
garbha|vāsa iva vartate niśi.

Śuddham āvilam avasthitaṃ calaṃ
vakram ārjava|guṇ'|ânvitaṃ ca yat
sarvam eva tamasā samī|kṛtaṃ.
dhiṅ mahattvam asatāṃ hat'|ântaram.

Nūnam unnamati yajvanāṃ patiḥ
śārvarasya tamaso niṣiddhaye
puṇḍarīka|mukhi! pūrva|diṅ|mukhaṃ
kaitakair iva rajobhir āhatam.

The light that arose in the gap 8.55
between night and day
is hidden by Mount Meru
and this blind darkness,
my long-eyed lady,
grows without restraint
in every direction.

Sight cannot proceed above,
nor below, nor to the side,
nor in front, nor behind.
This world exists within the night
like an embryo enclosed
in the womb of darkness.

What is pure and what is dirty;
stationary and mobile;
and crooked and straight?
—darkness has made
everything just the same.
It's lamentable
the wicked attain greatness,
for it destroys distinction.

Assuredly the lord of sacrificers,
the moon, is rising
to dispel nocturnal darkness:
the eastern horizon
seems struck with *kétaka* pollen,
my lotus-faced love.

Mandar'|ântarita|mūrtinā niśā
lakṣyate śaśa|bhṛtā sa|tārakā
tvaṃ mayā priya|sakhī|samāgatā
śroṣyat" êva vacanāni pṛṣṭhataḥ.

8.60 Ruddha|nirgamanam ā dina|kṣayāt
pūrva|dṛṣṭa|tanu|candrikā|smitam
etad udgirati rātri|coditā
dig rahasyam iva candra|maṇḍalaṃ.

Paśya pakva|phalinī|phala|tviṣā
bimba|lāñchita|viyat|saro|'mbhasā
viprakṛṣṭa|vivaraṃ him'|âṃśunā
cakra|vāka|mithunaṃ viḍambyate.

Śakyam oṣadhi|pater nav'|ôdayāḥ
karṇa|pūra|racanā|kṛte tava
a|pragalbha|yava|sūci|komalāś
chettum agra|nakha|sampuṭaiḥ karāḥ.

With the moon hiding its form
behind Mount Mándara,
night with its stars is like you
accompanied by your dear friends
with me behind you
listening to your words.

The east, as if coaxed by the night, 8.60
gives forth this moon's disk
like a secret,
its divulgence held back
to the day's end,
preceded by a faint smile
of moonlight.

Look, the cool-rayed moon,
the color of ripe *phálini* fruit,
imitates a pair of *chakra·vaka*s
excessively far apart,
as it marks with its disk
both the sky and the water of the lake.

The newly sprung-up rays
of the moon, lord of herbs—
as tender as fresh barley sprouts—
I could nip them off with the tips of my fingernails
and make ear-ornaments
for you with them!

Aṅgulībhir iva keśa|saṃcayaṃ
saṃnigṛhya timiraṃ marīcibhiḥ
kuḍmalī|kṛta|saroja|locanaṃ
cumbat' îva rajanī|mukhaṃ śaśī.

Paśya Pārvati! nav'|êndu|raśmibhiḥ
sāmi|bhinna|timiraṃ nabhas|talam
lakṣyate dvi|rada|bhoga|dūṣitaṃ
saṃprasīdad iva Mānasaṃ saraḥ.

8.65 Rakta|bhāvam apahāya candramā
jāta eṣa pariśuddha|maṇḍalaḥ.
vikriyā na khalu kāla|doṣajā
nirmala|prakṛtiṣu sthir'|ôdayā.

Unnateṣu śaśinaḥ prabhā sthitā.
nimna|saṃśraya|paraṃ niśā|tamaḥ
nūnam ātma|sadṛśī prakalpitā
Vedhas" êha guṇa|doṣayor gatiḥ.

The moon seems to kiss
the face of night,
gathering up the darkness
with his beams
like a mass of hair
with his fingers,
making the day-lotuses—her eyes—
close up into buds.

See, Párvati, the surface of the sky,
darkness half broken up
by the rays of the new moon,
looks like Lake Mánasa
becoming clear again
after it's been muddied
by elephants' enjoyment.

Giving up its redness, 8.65
the moon now has whitened its disk.
Assuredly with those whose nature is pure
alteration caused by temporary fault
does not have a firm footing.

The light of the moon stays
on high things.
Night's darkness is intent
on resorting to low places.
Surely the path of qualities
and faults in this world
has been set out by the Creator
according to their natures.

Candra|pāda|janita|pravṛttayaś
candra|kānta|jala|bindavo girau
mekhalā|taruṣu nidritān amūn
bodhayanty a|samaye śikhaṇḍinaḥ.

Kalpa|vṛkṣa|śikhareṣu saṃprati
prasphuradbhir a|vikalpa|sundari!
hāra|yaṣṭi|gaṇanām iv' âṃśubhiḥ
kartum āgata|kutūhalaḥ śaśī.

Unnat'|âvanata|bhāgavattayā
candrikā sa|timirā girer iyam
bhaktibhir bahu|vidhābhir arpitā
bhāti bhūtir iva matta|dantinaḥ.

8.70 Etad ucchvasita|pītam aindavaṃ
soḍhum a|kṣamam iva prabhā|rasam
mukta|ṣaṭ|pada|virāvam añjasā
bhidyate kumudam ā nibandhanāt.

On the mountain, drops of water
from its moonstones
set in motion by the moonbeams
awaken at the wrong time
those peacocks asleep
in the trees on its slopes.

Now the moon with its beams
shining down on the tops
of the wish-granting trees
seems inquisitive,
making an inventory
of their pearl necklaces,
O my lady of undoubted beauty.

Because of the mountain's
high and low parts,
this moonlight and its attendant darkness,
set out with their manifold variations
seem like the decorative ash paste
in various patterns
on an elephant in rut.

As if unable to contain 8.70
this radiant liquor from the moon
it gulped down
as soon as it began to bloom,
the night-lotus,
suddenly releasing
the buzzing of its bees,
bursts open down to its stem.

Paśya kalpa|taru|lambi śuddhayā
jyotsnayā janita|rūpa|saṃśayam!
mārute calati caṇḍi! kevalaṃ
vyajyate viparivṛttam aṃśukam.

Śakyam aṅgulibhir uddhṛtair adhaḥ
śākhināṃ patita|puṣpa|peśalaiḥ
patra|jarjara|śaśi|prabhā|lavair
ebhir utkacayituṃ tav' ālakān.

Eṣa tāra|mukhi! yoga|tārayā
yujyate tarala|bimbayā śaśī
sādhvasād upagata|prakampayā
kanyay" êva nava|dīkṣayā varaḥ.

8.75 Pāka|bhinna|śara|kāṇḍa|gaurayor
ullasat|pratikṛti|prasannayoḥ
rohat' îva tava gaṇḍa|lekhayoś
candra|bimba|nihit'|âkṣi! candrikā

Look, my angry lady!
at the silken robe hanging
from the wishing tree,
its form made doubtful
by the pure moonlight.
Only when the wind blows
and it turns around
is the difference
apparent.

One could pick up with one's fingers
these slivers of moonlight
underneath the trees,
broken up by the leaves,
as delicate as flowers
fallen from their branches,
and fasten up your hair with them.

This moon, my radiant-visaged lady!
joins with his companion star's
flickering corolla,
like a husband
with his newly wedded virgin wife
who's trembling in fear.

O my lady, as you look 8.75
at the moon's disk
moonlight seems to be growing
from the lines painted on your cheeks
white as withered clumps of *shara* grass,
bright as they are
with the gleaming reflection.

Lohit'|ârka|maṇi|bhājan'|ârpitaṃ
kalpa|vṛkṣa|madhu bibhratī svayam
tvām iyaṃ sthitimatī samāgatā
Gandha|mādana|van'|âdhidevatā.

Ārdra|kesara|sugandhi te mukhaṃ
matta|rakta|nayanaṃ sva|bhāvataḥ!
atra labdha|vasatir guṇ'|ântaraṃ
kiṃ vilāsini! madaḥ kariṣyate?»

«Mānya|bhaktir athavā sakhī|janaḥ
sevyatām idam anaṅga|dīpanam»
ity udāram abhidhāya Śaṅkaras
tām apāyayata pānam Ambikām.

Pārvatī tad|upabhoga|saṃbhavāṃ
vikriyām api satīṃ manoharām
apratarkya|Vidhi|yoga|nirmitām
āmrat" êva saha|kāratāṃ yayau.

Bringing wishing-tree wine
in a goblet of red sunstone,
this is the guardian spirit
of the Gandha·mádana grove
politely attending upon you in person.

Your mouth is naturally
as fragrant as a fresh *késara* flower,
your eyes red from passion,
my playful lady!
What different quality
can drunkenness impart
when it takes its place here?"

Eloquently saying
"Isn't it the case
our friend has shown devotion
worthy of respect?
This drink which inflames love
should be enjoyed,"
Shiva the merciful made Ámbika,
Mother of the universe,
drink the wine.

By drinking it Párvati changed,
but it was a delightful change,
as if an *amra* mango changed
into a *saha·kara* mango
fashioned by the Creator's
incomprehensible power.

Tat|kṣaṇaṃ viparivartita|hriyor
neṣyatoḥ śayanam iddha|rāgayoḥ
sā babhūva vaśa|vartinī dvayoḥ
Śūlinaḥ su|vadanā madasya ca.

8.80 Ghūrṇamāna|nayanaṃ skhalad|vacaḥ
sveda|bindumad akāraṇa|smitam
ānanena na tu tāvad Īśvaraś
cakṣuṣā ciram Umā|mukhaṃ papau.

Tāṃ vilambi|tapanīya|mekhalām
udvahañ jaghana|bhāra|durvahām
dhyāna|saṃbhṛta|vibhūti|bhāsvaraṃ
prāviśan maṇi|śilā|gṛhaṃ Haraḥ.

Tatra haṃsa|dhaval'|ôttara|cchadaṃ
Jāhnavī|pulina|cāru|darśanam
adhyaśeta śayanaṃ priyā|sakhaḥ
śārad'|âbhram iva Rohiṇī|patiḥ.

At once the fair-faced lady
was under the power of them both—
Trident-bearing Shiva and intoxication—
as they each removed her shyness,
inflamed her passion,
and led her to the bed.

Her rolling eyes, her slurred speech, 8.80
her drops of sweat, her aimless smile—
Lord Shiva long drank in Uma's face
not with his mouth but with his eyes.

Heavy with the weight of her buttocks,
her golden girdle slipping down,
Shiva the Destroyer lifted her up
and entered a house built of jewels,
gleaming with luxurious items
put together by the power
of his yogic meditation.

There like Róhini's lord, the moon,
in front of an autumnal cloud,
in the company of his beloved
he lay down on the bed,
its goose-white coverlet
as beautiful to behold
as Ganga's sandbank.

Kliṣṭa|keśam avalupta|candanaṃ
vyatyay'|ârpita|nakhaṃ sa|matsaram
tasya tac chidura|mekhalā|guṇaṃ
Pārvatī|ratam abhūn na tṛptaye.

Kevalaṃ priyatamā|dayālunā
jyotiṣām avanatāsu paṅktiṣu
tena tat|parigṛhīta|vakṣasā
netra|mīlana|kutūhalaṃ kṛtam.

8.85 Sa vyabudhyata budha|stav'|ôcitaḥ
śāta|kumbha|kamal'|ākaraiḥ samam
mūrcchanā|parigṛhīta|kaiśikaiḥ
kiṃnarair uṣasi gīta|maṅgalaḥ

Tau kṣaṇaṃ śithilit'|ôpagūhanau
dampatī calita|mānas'|ōrmayaḥ
padma|bheda|piśunāḥ siṣevire
Gandha|mādana|van'|ânta|mārutāḥ.

His vicious lovemaking with Párvati—
dishevelling her hair,
rubbing off her sandalwood paste,
scratching her in the wrong places,
breaking her girdle string—
did not satiate him.

Only because he took pity
on his beloved darling
when the lines of stars sank down
did he have the least interest
in closing his eyes,
with her clasping his chest.

He who was accustomed to hymns 8.85
of praise from the wise,
was woken at dawn
along with the beds of golden lotuses,
when the *kim·nara* musicians
employing the rising notes
of the *káishika* melody
sang an auspicious waking song.

Their embraces slackening for the moment,
breezes from the Gandha·mádana groves,
rippling the Mánasa lake,
maliciously breaking apart the *padma* lotuses,
tended the married couple.

ūru|mūla|nakha|mārga|rājibhis
tat|kṣaṇaṃ hṛta|vilocano Haraḥ
vāsasaḥ praśithilasya saṃyamaṃ
kurvatīṃ priyatamām avārayat.

Sa prajāgara|kaṣāya|locanaṃ
gāḍha|danta|pada|tāḍit'|âdharam
ākul'|âlakam apāsta|citrakaṃ
vīkṣya tṛptim agaman na tan|mukham.

Tena bhaṅgi|viṣam'|ôttara|cchadaṃ
madhya|piṇḍita|visūtra|mekhalam
nirmale 'pi śayanaṃ niś"|âtyaye
n' ôjjhitaṃ caraṇa|rāga|lāñchitam.

When his darling beloved
was fastening her garment,
which had become loose,
Shiva the Destroyer
prevented her—
his eyes had at that moment
been drawn to the series
of scratches at the top
of her inner thighs.

Beholding his beloved's face—
red-eyed from lack of sleep,
lower lip lacerated
with deep tooth marks,
hair dishevelled,
tílaka mark removed—
he was insatiable.

When night had ended
and the day was bright
he did not leave the bed,
its coverlet creased and uneven,
streaked with red dye from their feet,
in the middle her girdle
with its cord snapped
made into a lump.

8.90 Sa priyā|mukha|rasaṃ divā|niśaṃ
tarṣa|vṛddhi|jananaṃ siṣeviṣuḥ
darśana|praṇayinām a|dṛśyatām
ājagāma Vijayā|nivedanāt.

Sama|divasa|niśītthaṃ saṅginas tatra Śambhoḥ
śatam agamad ṛtūnāṃ s'|âgram ekā niś" êva
na tu surata|sukhebhyaś chinna|tṛṣṇo babhūva
jvalana iva samudr'|ântar|gatas taj|jaleṣu.

Wishing night and day to enjoy 8.90
the taste of his beloved's mouth,
the taste that increased his thirst,
when Vijaya informed him
of the presence of people
wanting to see him,
he made himself invisible to them.

For Beneficent Shiva absorbed there—
night and day the same—
a hundred or more seasons
went by like one night,
his thirst for the delights
of sexual pleasure unsated
as is the submarine fire
amid the ocean's waters.

NOTES

My deviations from MURTI's Sanskrit text are as follows (Mall. = Mallinatha, Vall. = Vallabha-deva)

1.9 cd *prasūtaḥ sānūni gandhaḥ* with PATEL and Mall.

1.10b *niṣakta* with PATEL and Mall.

1.19 omitted in MURTI

1.34b *vikrameṣu* with Mall.

1.42 omitted by Vall. and Mall.

2.3ab *te sarve* with PATEL and Mall.

2.12a *udghātaḥ* with Mall.

2.15b *śāśvataḥ* with Mall.

2.16a *stutīḥ* with PATEL and Mall.

2.57b *udyantaṃ* with PATEL and Mall.

2.60a *voḍhum* with Mall.

2.61b *saināpatyam* with Mall.

3.4a *pada / kāṅkṣiṇā* with Mall.

3.6b *prayukta/rāga/praṇidhir* with PATEL and Mall.

3.7d *niṣakta* with with PATEL and Mall.

3.8c *tasyāḥ* with PATEL and Mall.

3.10a *tava prasādāt* PATEL and Mall.

3.22c *Airāvaṇ'*/with PATEL and Mall.

3.28b *nirgandhatayā* with PATEL and Mall.

3.30c *bāl'/âruṇa/* with PATEL and Mall.

3.37a *rasāt* with Mall.

3.38a *gīt'/ântareṣu* with PATEL and Mall.

3.38d *cucumbe* with Mall.

3.46c *kaṇṭha/prabhā/saṅga* with PATEL and Mall.

3.51d *śaraṃ cāpam* with Mall.

3.54c *paryāpta* with Mall.

3.57c *jit'/êndriye* with PATEL and Mall.

3.58c *c'ântaḥ param'/ātma/saṃjñaṃ* with PATEL and Mall.

3.68c *sphuṭad/* with and PATEL and Mall.

4.2d *nimagna/darśanam* with PATEL and Mall.

4.5d *vilāsināṃ* with PATEL and Mall.

4.16d *ālāpa/nisarga/paṇḍitām* with PATEL and Mall.

4.20a *aham* with PATEL and Mall.

4.25d *Madhur* with PATEL and Mall.

4.30d *pradhūmitām* with PATEL

and Mall.

4.31d *ardha/* with PATEL and Mall.

4.36d *māṃ vinā* with PATEL and Mall.

4.39c *hrada/śoṣa/vihvalāṃ* with PATEL

4.40d *ârciṣi* with Mall.

4.42d *svena niyojayiṣyati* with PATEL and Mall.

5.10a *vikriyāṃ* with PATEL and Mall.

5.14d *vātsalyam* with PATEL and Mall.

5.15b *tasyāṃ* with PATEL and Mall.

5.16c *'bhyupāgaman* with Mall.

5.18a *pūrva/tapaḥ/samādhinā* with Mall.

5.25b *vāta/vṛṣṭiṣu* with Mall.

5.26a *him'/ôtkir'/ânilāḥ* with Mall.

5.29b *svam aṅgaṃ glapayanty* with PATEL and Mall.

5.35c *ya utpal'/âkṣi! pracalair vilocanais* with Mall.

5.38b *bhāvini!* with Mall.

5.40a *ato 'tra* with PATEL and Mall.

5.42d *kṛś'/ôdari* with PATEL and Mall.

5.50c *tad/ardha/bhāgena* with PATEL

5.54b *Pur'/ârim* with Mall.

5.60b *eṣv api* with PATEL and Mall.

5.66c *bhujena* with PATEL

5.68b *ânumaṃsyate* with PATEL

5.68d *vikīrṇa/keś'/âsthi/* with SURYAKANTA (IOL29)

5.79c *nṛty' / âbhinaya* with Mall.

5.85a *âṅga/yaṣṭir* with PATEL and Mall.

5.85b *nikṣepaṇāya* with Mall.

5.86a *avanat'/âṅgi* with Mall.

5.86d *phalena* with Mall.

6.5b *ôtkira* with Mall.

6.21c *āvedyate* with PATEL and Mall.

6.24c *cintit'/ôpasthitāṃs* with PATEL and Mall.

6.36a *te c' ākāśam* with Mall.

6.36d *sama / raṃhasaḥ* with Mall.

6.48c *avaterur* with PATEL and Mall.

6.51d *svyakto* with PATEL and Mall.

6.53d *bhūdhar'/îśvaraḥ* with PATEL and Mall.

6.58a *praiṣya/bhāve vaḥ* with PATEL and Mall.

6.58c *manye* with PATEL and

Mall.

6.60b *bhāsvatāṃ* with Mall.

6.63c *kāryam* with Mall.

6.76c *yen'* with Mall.

6.86 omitted in MURTI

6.86b *samīpsitam* with PATEL

6.87b *vimṛśya* with PATEL and Mall.

7.5c *saṃbandhi* with Mall.

7.9b *kṛt'/âṅga/rāgām* with Mall.

7.18b *vimṛṣṭa* with Mall.

7.30d *Pura/śāsanasya* with PATEL and Mall.

7.36b *vidher vidhātā* with Mall.

7.43d *saṃvardhayantau* with PATEL and Mall.

7.68c *dhāraṇ'/ôccam* with PATEL and Mall.

7.68d *uccaistaraṃ* with PATEL and Mall.

7.76c *Umā/tanau* with Mall.

7.78d *kathyate* with PATEL and Mall.

7.79 not in MURTI or PATEL

7.93c *kārya / vidbhir* with Mall.

7.94b *ādadānaḥ* with PATEL and Mall.

8.14c *mekhal"/âpanaya/* with AN

8.14d *rurodha sā* with PATEL and Mall.

8.23a *valay'* with PATEL and Mall.

8.28b *vanitā/sakhaḥ* with PATEL and Mall.

8.36b *barha / maṇḍalaḥ* with SURYAKANTA (FOULKES)

8.45d *vartitāḥ* with PATEL and Mall.

8.46a *bhū/bhṛtā* with Mall.

8.46c *c' ātmanaḥ* with PATEL

8.51b *n' ânyayā* with FOULKES variants and Sītārāma

8.64b *sāmi/bhinna* with Mall.

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Sanskrit words are given according to the accented CSL pronuncuation aid in the English alphabetical order. They are followed by the conventional diacritics in brackets.

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